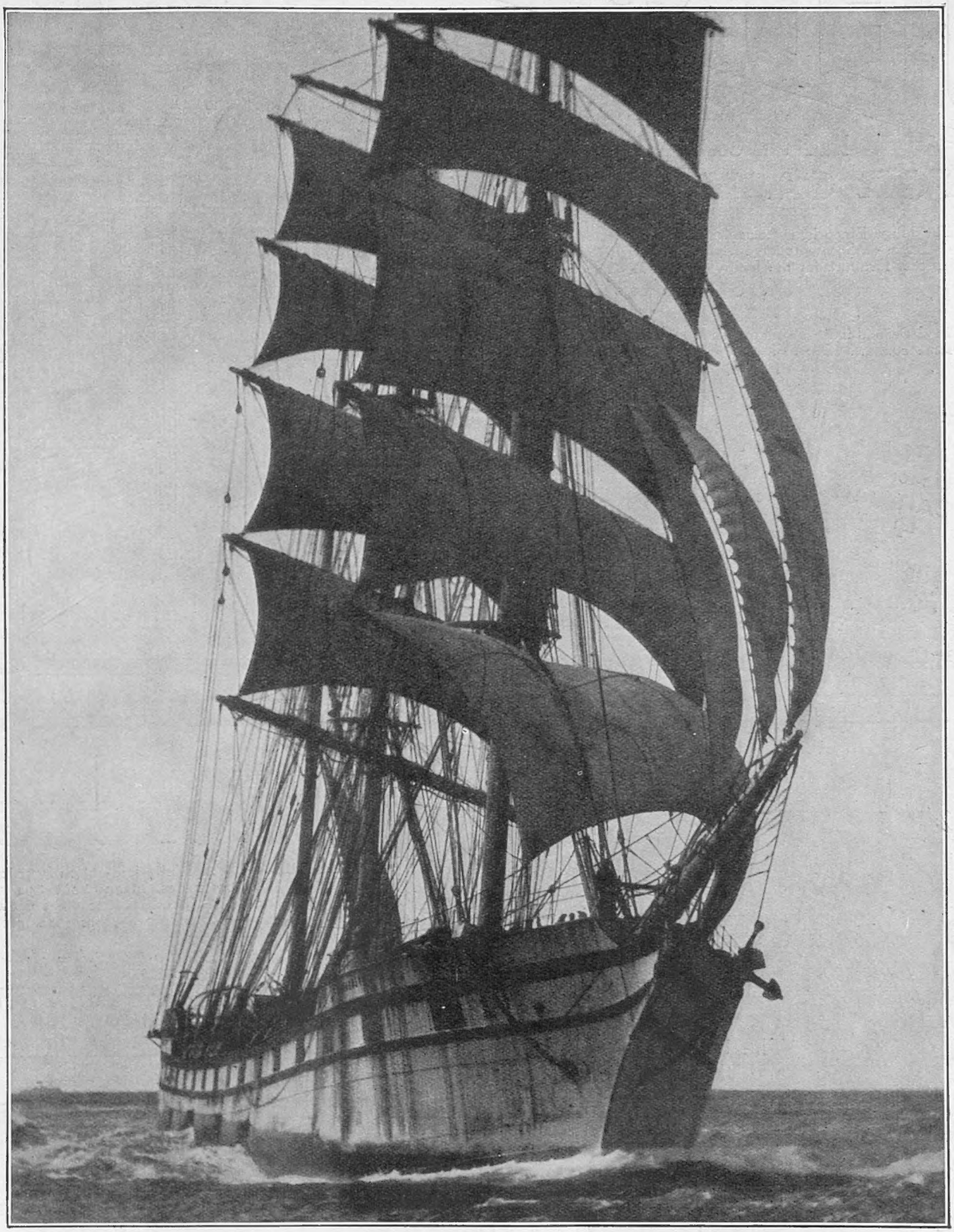

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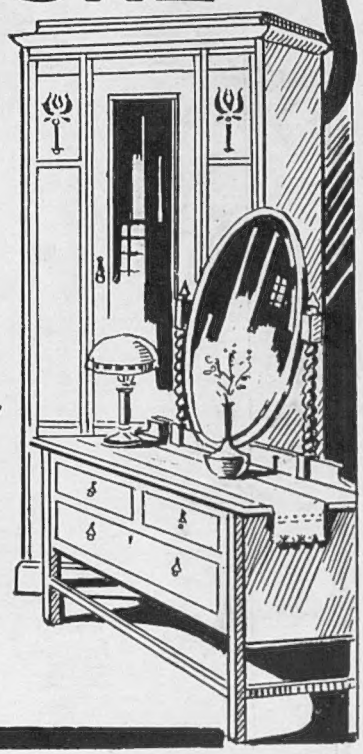

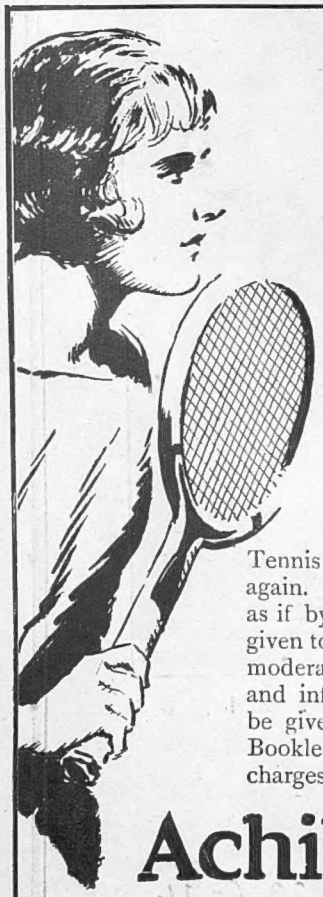

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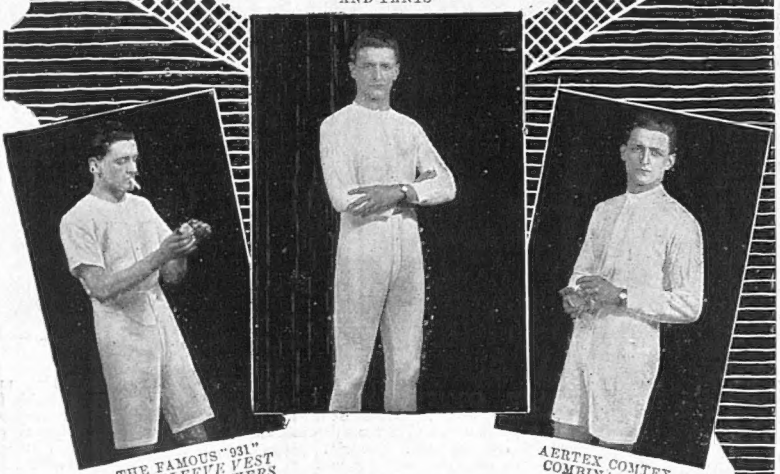

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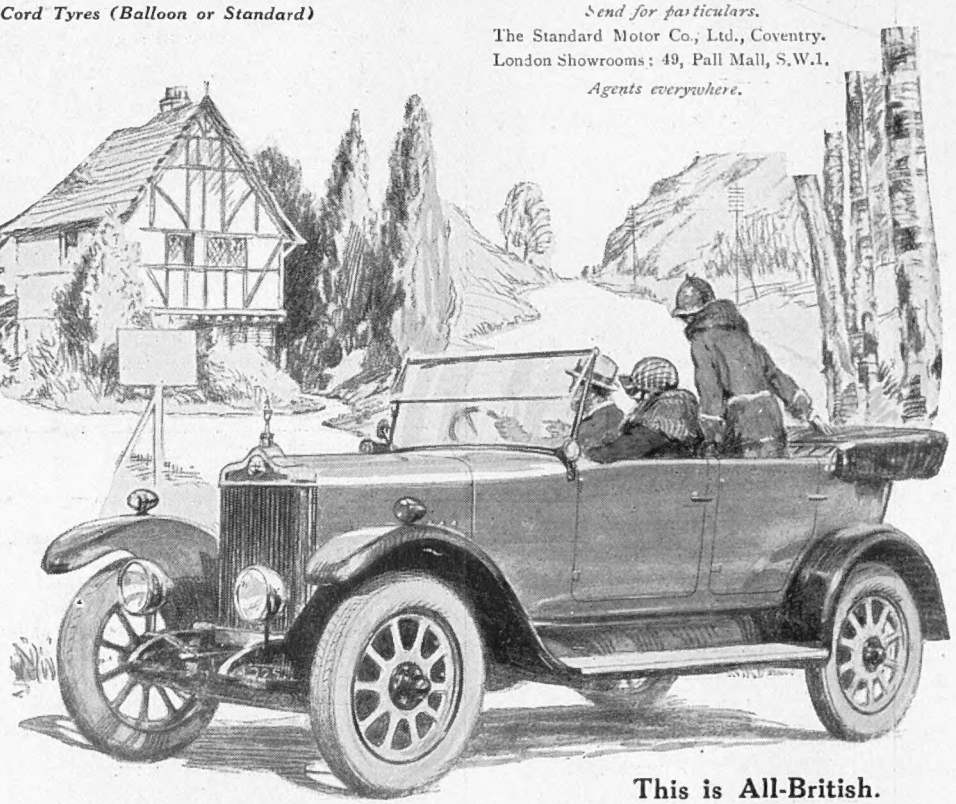

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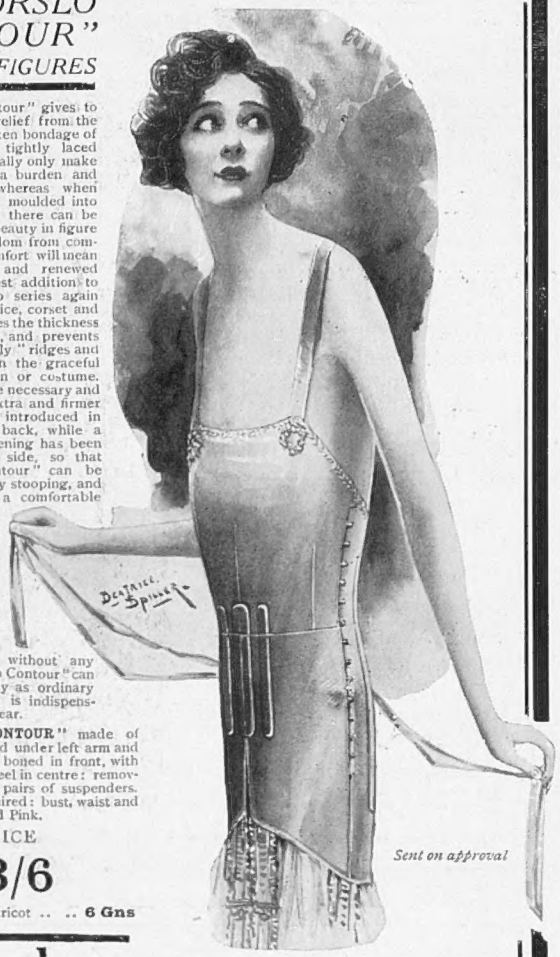

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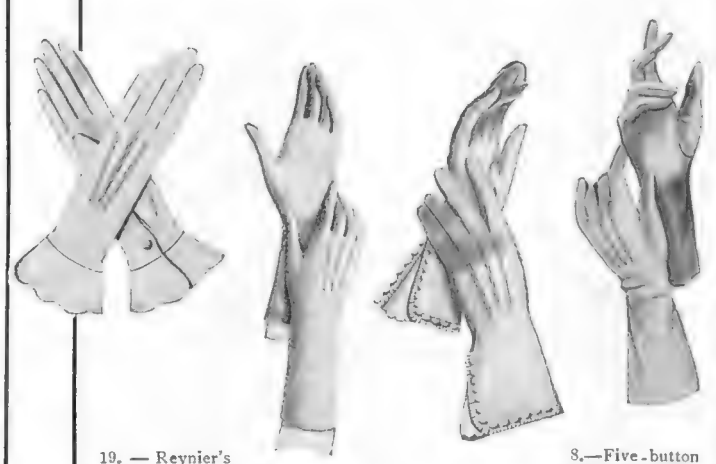

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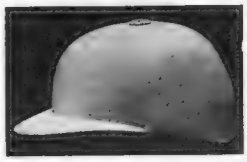

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This becoming model is typical of the many coats which Goochs have created specially for wear with beautiful Ascot gowns. Its lines are graceful, and its trimming unique without being bizarre. There is much to interest you in our display of models for Ascot.

"FAUVILLE"
Distinctive Model Coat in good quality satin, cut on graceful lines. Jet fringe edged with narrow bands of satin is the trimming, and gives a charming and slimming effect. Lined throughout with crêpe de Chine. This model is particularly suitable for the races or formal town wear. In black only.

PRICE **19 Gns.**
Cannot be sent on approval.

*We have in stock a large and varied selection of Wash and Holiday Frocks.*

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Buses: Nos. 96, 74, 30 and 14 to door.

**Enjoy The Open Air.**
An attractive and delightfully planned garden Chalet specially designed to give all the benefits of open air with full protection from inclement weather. Ideal for the garden or for erection on the beach. Very moderately priced and quickly and easily erected.
*Sent carriage paid to most goods stations in England and Wales.*
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*Manufacturers and Exporters, 'Phone 587.*
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Really vanishes
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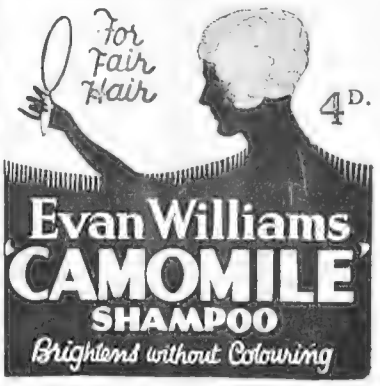

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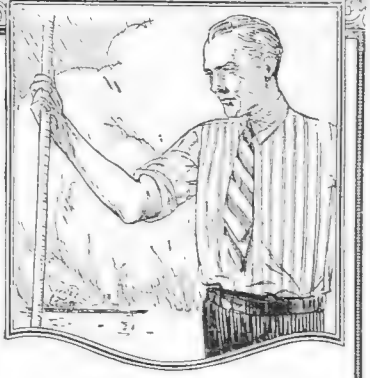

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provide all the quality and appearance of real silk, but are more durable and are much cheaper than silk.

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER OR STORES TO SHOW YOU THE NEWEST PATTERNS. | LOOK FOR THE "LUVISCA" TAB ON EVERY GARMENT. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

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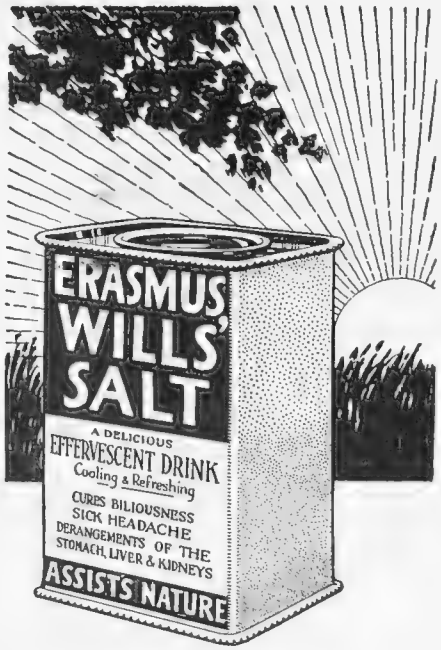


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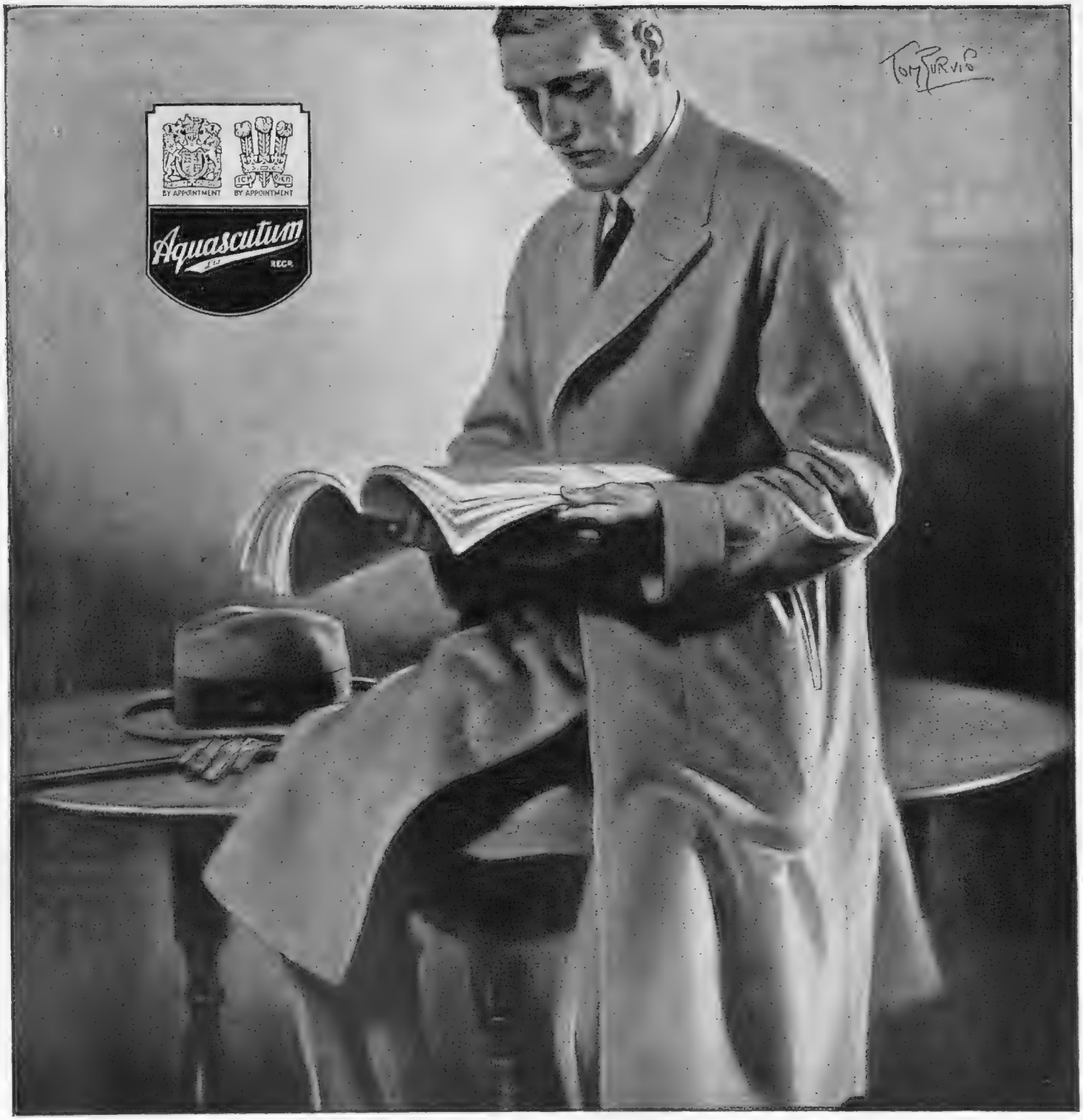

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***PURE SILK HOSE,*** *lisle feet and tops, Kayser make. In Fawn, Beige, Putty, Nude, Pearl, Silver, Platinum, Grey, Mauresque, Toreador, Camel.*

*PRICE* **6/11** *per pair.*

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***FINE GAUZE PURE SILK HOSE,*** *open lace clox, reinforced feet, dainty and delightful in wear. In Nude, Flesh, Beige, Fawn, Mauresque, Airedale, Pink, Silver, Platinum, White or Black.*

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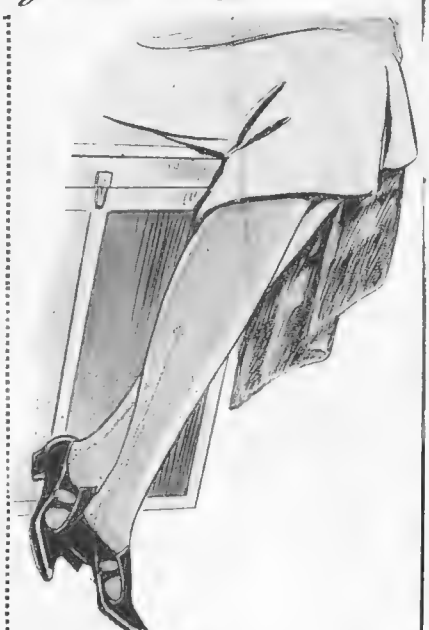

***Pure Silk Hose,*** *open lace clox, fine lisle feet and garter welts, thoroughly recommended in wear, perfect fitting. In Beige, Fawn, Putty, Sunburn, Sunset, Nude, Mauresque, Camel, Silver, Pearl, Platinum, Beaver, Mushroom, Beige Rose, Flesh Pink, Gold, White or Black.*

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*IN RICH QUALITY CRÊPE DE CHINE*

*Made in our own workrooms on the premises by highly skilled workers.*

***Tea Frock*** *in rich quality crepe de Chine trimmed pearl buttons, skirt arranged with pleats to form fullness in front only. In White an several new pale colours.*

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PRICE £2

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INEXPENSIVE AND COMFORTABLE
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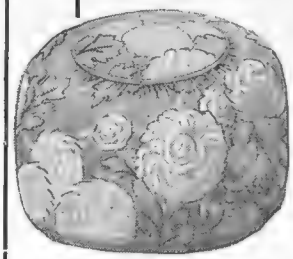

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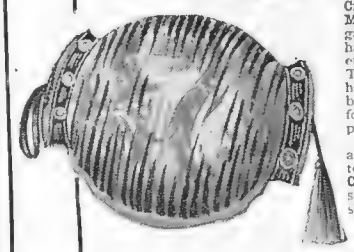

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From 79/6 according to cretonne.

**Cushions** to match, square or oblong shape.

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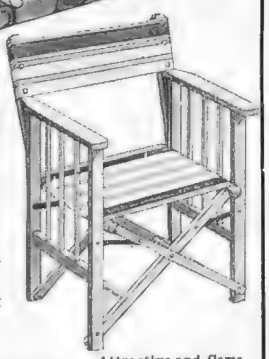

R. 10.

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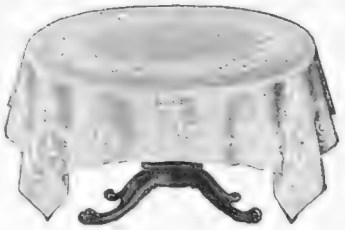
LINEN TABLE DAMASK



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| 2 x 2 yards | ... | each | 27/9 |
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| 22 x 22 inches | ... | dozen | 31/6 |
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*Distinctive Ascot Modes now being displayed in all Departments.*

V. 163.—Becoming Straw Hat with slightly mushroom brim and gold galon edge, trimmed velvet leaves in self colourings. In large fittings only and can be supplied in all good colours.

Price **3½ Gns.**

*Selection of Goods sent on approval on receipt of reference or deposit. Customers are requested to state home address when ordering away from home.*

V. 162.—Very attractive Bankok Straw Hat with brim turned up at back and a narrow brim in front. Trimmed ribbon velvet and camellia to tone.

Price **4 Gns.**

Can be copied in other straw at **3 Gns.**

In all the newest colourings.

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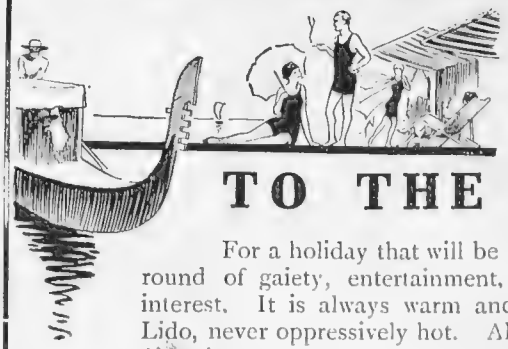
Price **39/6**

V. 161

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1





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**NAPLES**
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de luxe. On the shore

**STRESA (Lake Maggiore)**
**Gr. Hotel et des Iles Borromees**
Magnificent situation

**VENICE**
**Grand Hotel**—The leading hotel on the Grand Canal
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World renowned

**THE LIDO**
Sea Bathing Resort
Season: April—October
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**Grand Hotel des Bains**
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Select and Private
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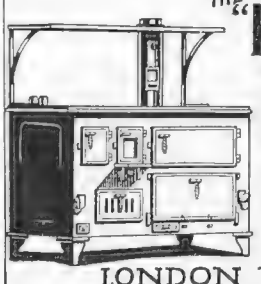

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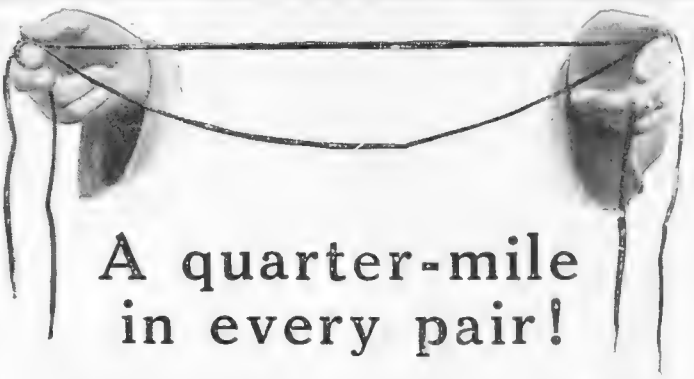

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The Bystander, June 10, 1925

No. 1123. Vol. LXXXVI.

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BY WILMOT LUNT

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# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

## My Suggestion

As a friend of the hospitals, I have a suggestion to make to one of them. My suggestion is not copyright. It is just a matter of who sees it first. Listen in!

## No Collection!

EVERY Sunday the Broadcasting people hold a gigantic religious service embracing the whole of Great Britain. There is a hymn; there is an anthem; there is a sermon. But, so far as I have discovered, there is no collection, and, as no service is complete without a collection, I can only suppose that the promoters have overlooked a very important part of the proceedings.

## My Mental Egg

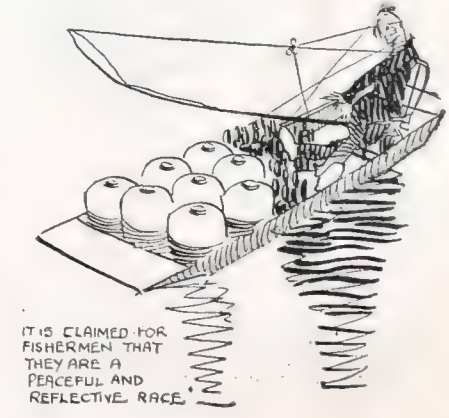
I SUGGEST that the hospital secretary who first reads these lines should institute a Sunday evening collection among those good folk who, from illness or some other cause, are unable to go to church and put their threepenny-bits in the plate in the ordinary way. I believe that an enormous sum would be realised, and I am almost tempted to build a hospital with the sole object of putting my excellent idea into effect. I am always making suggestions for the betterment of the world, but I believe this is one of the best mental eggs I have laid for quite a while.

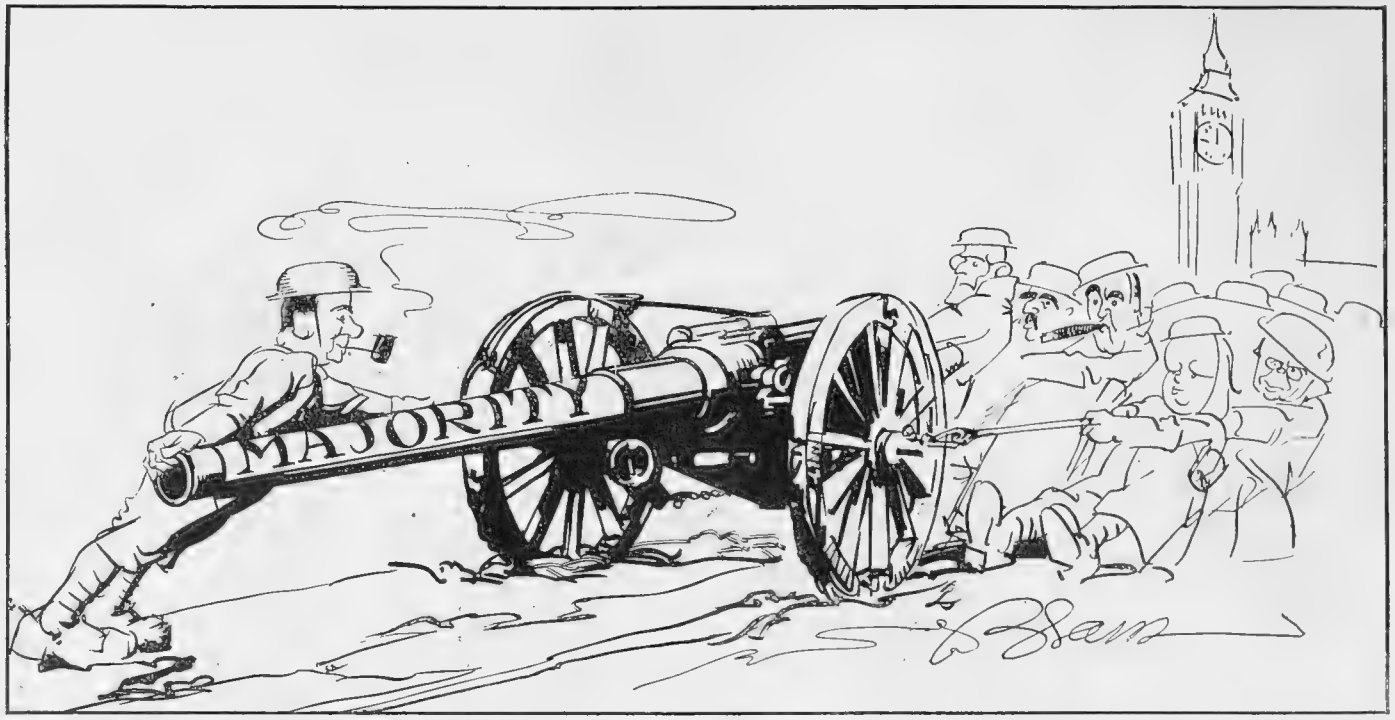
## A Psychological Phenomenon

WHEN I advised you to "put your Oxford trousers on Manna" for the Derby, I wrote with a full sense of the responsibility I was undertaking. I was writing ten days before the event—before Donoghue had been selected to ride, when the price was as long as a Saturday night queue for *No, No, Nanette*—but these little details do not daunt your genuine tipster who has the courage of his convictions. How did I know that Manna would win? I can't say. It was merely a psychological phenomenon known as a "hunch." I just knew, and I am glad to hear that so many Bystanders have bought houses and motor-cars as a result.

## What is a "Hunch"?

I CANNOT, however, respond to their invitations to provide them with the winners of the Ascot Gold Vase and the Goodwood Cup. A "hunch" is a very illusive thing. I have had many in my time. Some of them were concerned with racing and some were not, and I have never known them to fail. Last year, I handed an Epsom bookmaker a piece of paper on which were the names of three horses, and they passed the winning-post in the order named. The bookmaker






AFTER THE WHITSUN TRUCE—BRINGING UP THE BIG "BALDWIN" GUN

By Blam

offered me a job on the spot, but I told him sadly that I could not guarantee a repetition of the incident. It was just a "hunch."

### What Manchester Thinks

THE Manchester tradition dies hard. Mancunians would have us believe that their city leads in light and learning—that what Manchester thinks to-day, London will think to-morrow—and yet, when they have an opportunity to be first in the field, they are so overcome with the responsibility that they cannot utter a squeak.

### Not Taking Any Risks

DURING the past month Mr. Robert Courtneidge has paid Manchester a great compliment. He has produced four new plays on four consecutive weeks at the local Princes Theatre. One of these plays was by the late William Archer, who wrote *The Green Goddess*, and another was by Neil Lyons, author of *London Pride*. Did Manchester rush to his first nights and deliver the opinion that he invited? No, sir! Manchester wasn't taking any risks of *that* sort. Later on, after a London production, perhaps, but not before. Oh no, not before!

### Pity the Poor "Pro."

SOMEONE was complaining at the Club that cricket professionals were paid a miserable pittance, but when I had the privilege of passing a collecting box at J. W. Hearne's benefit last week it seemed extraordinarily heavy, and it still had a long way to travel. The cricket "pro" who gets a good benefit doesn't have much to complain about, especially when you remember that his chief competition comes from young men who are willing and anxious to do the job for nothing. On reflection, I don't find myself pitying the poor "pro."

### A Catch in It

OF all the lines that regularly get laughs in each new play as it is produced is this: "I knew there was a catch in it!" Always the funny man drops helplessly into a handy chair with this remark, and always the audience respond with gusts of joyous mirth that sweep the theatre from gallery to stalls and from pit to boxes—if any. I am not a funny man, but I knew there was a catch in those reductions of motor-car prices, the catch being that the prices of tyres have been increased owing to the sudden rise in the price of rubber.

### Tropical Plays

THE newest addition to a considerable list of tropical plays now running in London is *The River*, by the ex-Labour Attorney-General. By tropical I do not, of course, refer to the other sort that have already had more publicity than is wholesome for them. I mean rather those like *White Cargo* and *Rain* that deal with countries where, as one character in Sir Patrick Hastings' melodrama puts it (referring to crawling animals in the bathroom), you have to get used to dressing before strangers. Perhaps this burst of tropical limelight is an optimistic anticipation of tropical sunshine. I hope so!

### Fishermen's Tales

THE Mayfly is "up" and the trout streams of England have become as populous as the Bath Road on Saturday afternoon. Also, the bar of the Trout Inn has become as clamorous as a rookery, each angler vieing with his neighbour in telling fabulous tales of the twelve-pounder that took his tackle and nearly swallowed his rod. No fisherman could talk with his hands tied behind his back, a characteristic in which he resembles those good people who pass their lives in Petticoat Lane or the Pullman car of a Brighton train.

### The Mirror of Sport

IT is claimed for fishermen that they are a peaceful and reflective race. No one accused them of being truthful, but facts—especially facts relating to fishing—are hard and unsympathetic things. Despite his occasional inaccuracies, the fisherman is said to be a good citizen by reason of his occupation, a remark which also applies to the cricketer and the Sussex landowner who plays stool-ball. Golfers, if we are to believe our modern authors, make complacent husbands; the game of darts is beyond the pale because it is played on licensed premises, and as for Russian pool——! Can anything good come out of Russia?

# With the Legion that is Not Lost

*BY HYNES*

Some prominent people at the dance given by the London Post of the American Legion at the Hyde Park Hotel last week. The U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton were the guests of honour at this gathering of an organisation (similar to the British Legion) that has done much to help American ex-service men in London

# Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Keystone*

**A HOUSE PARTY IN THE HILLS**

**H.E. Lord Lytton, the Acting Viceroy of India, at Government House, Ootacamund, in the Nilgiri Hills (the seat of the Madras Government during the hot weather), on a visit to Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras. Our photograph shows: Front row—Colonel Norman Walker (left), the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, Mr. Haig, Lady Goschen, Lord Lytton, Lord Goschen, Lady Hermione Lytton, Colonel Morgan, the Hon. Cicely Goschen, and Mr. Conrad Smith; Back row—Captain Lunham, Captain Portal, Captain Buchan, Mrs. Randall, Colonel Balfour, Mrs. Conrad Smith, Lord Cranbrook, Mrs. Johnstone, Major Johnstone, Captain Mostyn-Owen, Captain Randall, and Captain Goschen**

# WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

### *The King's Birthday*

LAST Wednesday is a day I shall always remember. Your Bystander had been to the Trooping of the Colour for the King's Birthday, a thrilling spectacle of military precision and homage to the Sovereign.

When it was all over I went through St. James's Park, making for Constitution Hill and Hyde Park Corner. But in front of the Palace I found myself suddenly wedged in a mass of cheering and shouting people. I could move neither to right nor left.

With the swaying of the crowd I found myself up against the marble parapet of the fountain at the base of the Queen Victoria Memorial. Half a dozen kindly hands were held out to pull me up, and up I went, although there was only room for one foot and a little bit of the other one.

It was not a high vantage, but from it I could see on one side a serried mass of people all down the Mall, and on the other, stretching across the whole front of the Palace, a solid phalanx of men and women, hundreds and hundreds of them, shouting and cheering.

"What's going on?" I asked my neighbour, one of those on the parapet who had helped me up.

"It's 'is birthday, and we want to wish 'im many 'appy returns of the day, God bless 'im."

I felt rebuked, I don't know why. Over the heads of the people one could see military figures moving about in the forecourt of the Palace. Afterwards I heard that the King was walking up and down arm-in-arm with Marshal Foch—but I didn't see that historical spectacle. The shouting and cheering grew louder and more persistent, and then the King and Queen, with Princess Mary, the Duchess

*Sport and General*

**AN OFFICIAL GROUP IN AUSTRALIA**

**At the opening of the Royal Agricultural Show, Sydney. Left to right—Lord Forster, the Governor-General who is shortly to retire, Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, Governor of New South Wales, Lady de Chair, Sir Samuel Hordern, President of the New South Wales Royal Agricultural Society, and Mr. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia**

*I.B.*

**PRINCE HENRY AT NORWICH**

**Prince Henry delivering his address at the opening of the new club, founded by the police for working-class lads, at Norwich last week. He afterwards presented medals and prizes for the sports that followed**

*Alfieri*

**THE KING TAKES THE ROAD**

**His Majesty the King, with the Colonel Commanding the Guard of Honour (from the Middlesex Regiment) at the opening of the Great West Road at Brentford**

of York, and Lord Lascelles, appeared on the balcony. The roar of voices from those thousands of people made one's blood tingle. It was an unprecedented moment in the relation between the Throne and the people.

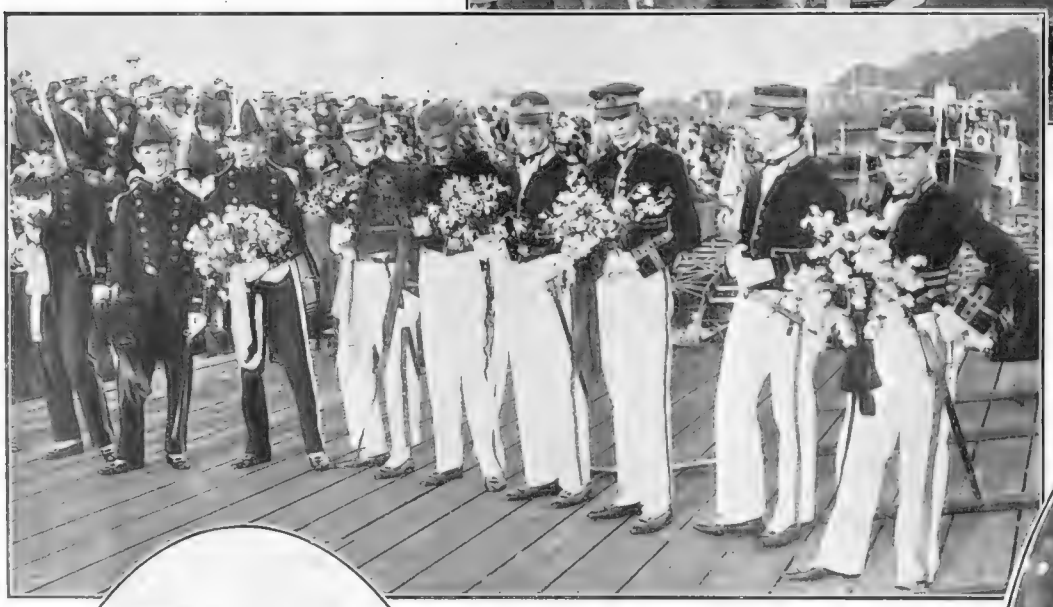
### *The People's Greeting*

We know that when War was declared thousands flocked to the Palace and called for the King, and they did it again when the Armistice came. The people's desire brought the King and Queen and the brides and bridegrooms to the balcony after the marriage of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles and the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York. But last Wednesday was the first time that his people have ever gathered round the King of Great Britain's palace to give him their greetings for his birthday.

I am told that the King was so touched by this unexpected expression of affection and devotion that he could scarcely speak to those about him.

AFTER ABSENCE: THE

A view of the river looking towards Windsor Castle the gorgeous spectacle that



*Sport and General*

ADMIRALS ALL

The Admirals "come ashore" in the procession of boats when, after Absence, the Wet Bobs are the cynosure of all eyes at Eton's "Fourth"

*Sport and General*

AN AMUSEMENTS TAX

Mr. Winston Churchill as an old Harrovian gazes critically on the procession of boats. Did the hundreds of (more or less) immaculate silk "toppers" give him cause for reflection?

### *Buckingham Palace*

Buckingham Palace has just attained the hundredth anniversary of its conversion from a small house, known as Buckingham House, into the London residence of the Sovereign. Buckingham House had been granted to Queen Charlotte; seven years after her death George IV, who had a passion for building palaces, as was shown by Carlton House, the hideous Pavilion at Brighton, and his restoration of Windsor Castle, decided to convert it into an abode for himself. The re-building cost something like half a million.

George IV died before the work was completed. His brother, William IV, detested the place, preferring Windsor and St. James's Palace, so when Queen Victoria went to live there, shortly after her accession, she became its first occupant. And until the death of the Prince Consort it was the scene of all the Royal entertaining in London. But, oddly enough, Drawing-Rooms were not held at Buckingham Palace until 1868. Like Levees now, they took place at St. James's Palace.

From the time of the Prince Consort's death until the accession of King Edward—that is nearly forty years, Buckingham Palace, with only very rare intervals, presented rows of rather dirty blinds to the Mall. Its outside grew dingier and dingier year by year, and in the winter it was so badly warmed that ladies attending the Drawing-Rooms used to shiver with the cold. Court officials in their nankin breeches likewise suffered severely.

*Central News*

FATHER AND SON

Sir Douglas Hogg, the Attorney-General, with his second son, Neil, arriving. Later, in Upper School, Hogg was prominent at Speeches, his item being Mr. Asquith's memorable speech on August 6, 1914

"FOURTH OF JUNE" AT ETON *"Times" Photo*

**during the procession of boats. Monarch (with E. H. Armitage, Captain of the Boats) is here seen leading Victory in is the most picturesque of the traditional Eton celebrations of King George III's birthday**

Very few servants were kept in the Palace, and, as there was no kitchen staff, any of Queen Victoria's daughters who spent a night there had to arrange for food as best they could. King Edward, however, made tremendous alterations, especially in the kitchens, and in the accommodation for the household.

***Perquisites***

ALL sorts of perquisites in the earlier days of Buckingham Palace were enjoyed by holders of places about the Court. I remember an old lady telling me that her father was in the Lord Steward's department, and that the particular perquisite for his place was all the candle-ends from the State apartments. Candles were then the only means used for lighting the rooms.

She remembered vividly as a little girl driving with her mother to the Palace, the morning after any Royal entertainment. A footman would bring out a big sack filled with half-burnt candles and candle-ends. This was put in the bottom of the carriage, and off they drove to a fashionable "tallow chandlers" where all the dwellers in big houses bought their candles. The sack was taken from the carriage and weighed, her mother being paid for it at so much the pound. This money, she said, her mother kept for herself as "pin-money."

Sometimes, she said, if the function had been a short one, the sack would be full of candles of which only a small portion had been burnt. On these occasions her mother rejoiced greatly, as there was a big difference in her "takings."

There seems to have been a rule, an inheritance of Georgian extravagance,

AT UPPER CLUB *Central News*

**Lord Harris, over whom the years have passed very lightly, watching Cricket with the Headmaster, Dr. C. A. Alington and his daughter. Lord Harris can still manage to keep a length with his round arm swings. He took a wicket for Eton Ramblers against the School 2nd XI, his side winning by five wickets**

A STUDY IN RELATIVITY *Alfieri*

**Sir Frederick Milbank, Mr. J. G. Milbank (his second son), Lady Milbank, Mrs. D. Wilson and Mr. M. B. Milburn, on the "glorious Fourth," which really was glorious this year**

*Sport and General*

**WATCHING POLO AT CIRENCESTER**

**Captain L. H. Shedden, Lady Diana Somerset, Mrs. Maurice Kingscote and Mrs. Smart in the "members' enclosure" during the Spring Cup polo tournament at the Cirencester Polo Club. Captain Shedden played back for Burton Hill in the tournament**

*Sport and General*

**SEEN AT CIRENCESTER**

**Captain Maurice Kingscote (Burton Hill's No. 3) and Lady Avice Menzies at Cirencester last week**

that no candle in the Royal apartments should be re-lighted after being put out. There had to be new candles every day. The Prince Consort, I believe, put an end to this wanton waste, and incidentally to the candle-end "perquisite" of my informant's father.

### *Ascot*

NEXT Tuesday will see the beginning of the Ascot week, the high-water mark of the season. People living in the vicinity will have parties for the week, but the letting of houses and entertaining is not nearly what it used to be. The larger houses, however, have let well, I hear. Lord Lonsdale has taken Englemere; Lord Garvagh, Southill Park; Lord Wolverton, Silwood Park; Sir John Robinson, Sunninghill Vicarage; Sir Samuel Scott, Kenegie; the Hon. Mrs. Thellusson, King's Moor; the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, The Cedars; and Mr. J. E. Arthur, Lavender Cottage, Bracknell.

The Duke of Connaught will have a small party at Bagshot, four miles away, and the King and Queen, as usual, will entertain a large party at Windsor for the week.

### *How it is Done*

I WAS tremendously interested last week to see how broadcasting is done. I always thought that singers, speakers, etc., did their "little piece" into a big tube rather like one of those air-shafts which stand about on the decks of steamships and wobble round with the wind. But they don't.

They just sing or talk to a something on a table, a something that looks exactly like one of those miniature chests in which one used to get especially precious China tea—before there was a World War and general revolution—wrapped in oiled silk or paper.

*Alfieri*

**PORTSMOUTH PERSONALITIES**

**Major Sir Herbert Cayzer (M.P. for Portsmouth) and Lady Cayzer at the opening of the Fifty-ninth Annual Show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society on Southsea Common last week**

*British Illus.*

**TAKING A NON-POLITICAL VIEW**

**Sir Robert Horne, among the spectators at the Roehampton polo ground last week**

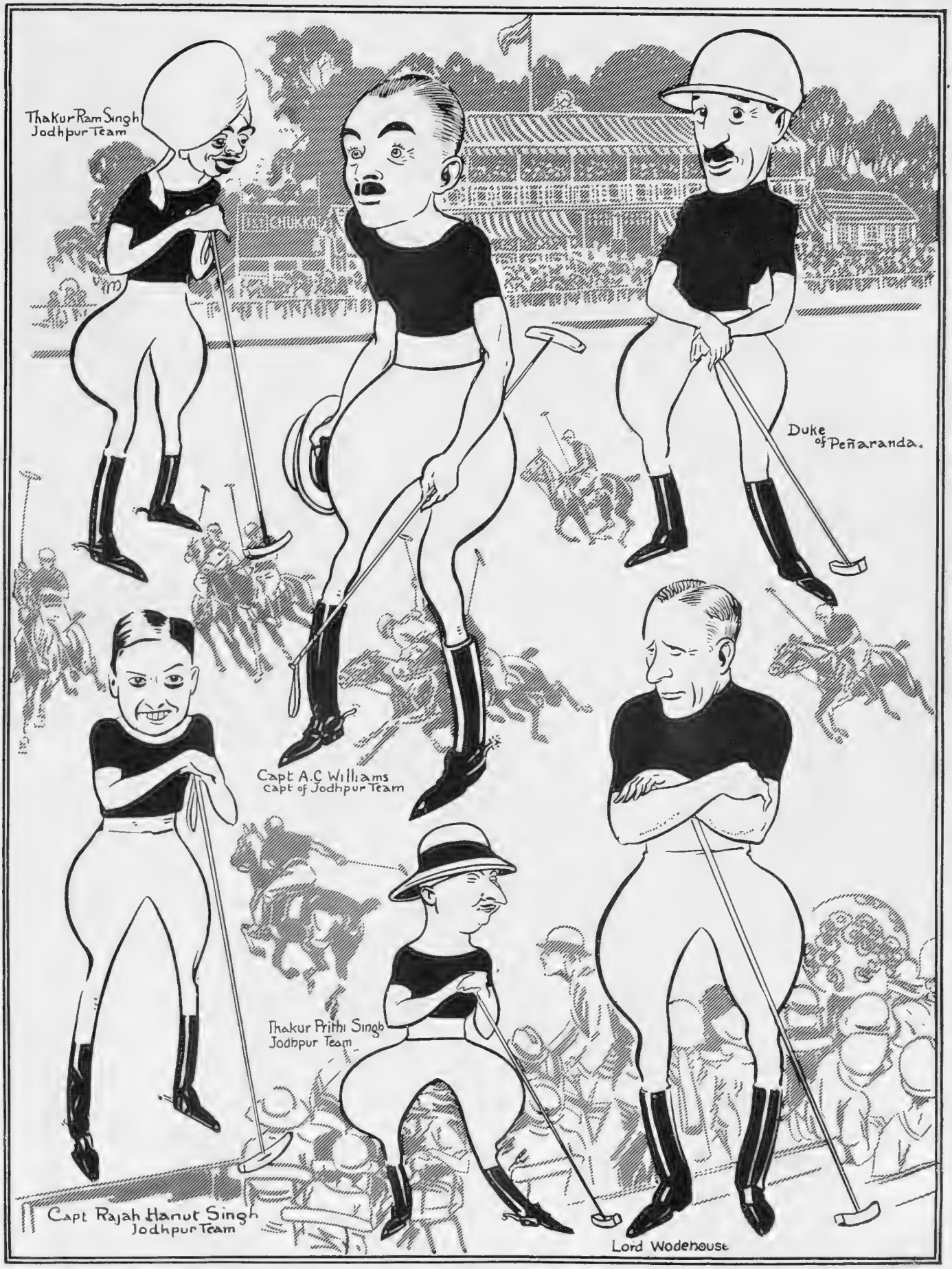
I heard M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, talk to thousands of people on the work done by the Garden League for Devastated France, and except that he talked to the brown tea-chestlike something instead of to the small company kindly allowed to be present by 2 LO, it might have been just an ordinary conversation.

The Garden League for Devastated France has done great things in restoring gardens and orchards in the shell-battered regions. The Ambassador said it was a strong link in the Entente. Seeds, plants, young fruit trees and tools are sent from England by the League, either as gifts in kind, or bought with subscriptions. The result has brought supplies of foodstuff in the devastated areas, which but for English assistance through the League would not have been available. M. de. Fleuriau, most tactfully, did not appeal for help for the League, but it wants help. So if you amongst my readers who are garden-lovers, would wish to help in the re-establishment of the *potagers* we all used to delight in when we visited Northern France, just write to the Garden League for Devastated France, The Mary Ward Settlement, 16, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

And might I suggest a beautiful and lasting remembrance for those who gave their lives, and lie in that shell-scarred region? Fruit trees will be planted in those restored gardens to the memory of the dead. This idea came, I believe,

(*Continued on page 816*)

# Chukkar Chaps




*Caricatures by HYNES* *Decorations by CUNINGHAM*

Some impressions of prominent people—visitors and others—who are to be seen in the strong polo-rised light at Hurlingham these summer days

SUNSHINE AND SPLENDOUR AT

**A panoramic view of the scene on the Horse Guards' attended the Trooping of the Colours on his sixtieth which was faultlessly carried through, were under the of the**

ROYALTY AT THE CEREMONY *Photopress*

**The Queen arriving with Princess Mary and the Duchess of York at the Horse Guards' Parade. She witnessed the annual Trooping of the Colour from seats above the Horse Guards' arch**

from Miss Helen Colt, the founder of the League—a beautiful idea, fruit trees blossoming spring after spring, and bearing season after season, thus perpetuating the memory of a gallant soul.

### *For Sale*

THE announcement of the marriage, which took place yesterday, of the Hon. Albreda Bewicke-Copley and Lieut.-Colonel Meldon of the Royal Artillery, was almost coincident with the announcement that Sprotborough Hall, near Doncaster, has been put up for sale.

Yesterday's bride is a sister of Lord Cromwell, and a daughter of the late General Sir Robert Bewicke-Copley and the late Lady Bewicke-Copley.

Her mother proved her right, before the Committee of Privileges, to the barony of Cromwell which had been in abeyance for over four hundred years. But she died before the writ was issued, and the barony was therefore called out of abeyance in favour of her son, the present Lord Cromwell, whose two sisters (the bride and Mrs. Hubert Foljamba) were raised to the rank of baron's daughters.

Sprotborough Hall came to Lord Cromwell from his mother.

### *A Pictorial Who's Who*

A USEFUL record of prominent men and women in the professional and business worlds is to be found in the 1925 edition of *Notable Personalities* (Whitehall Publishing Company, 1, Mitre Court, E.C. 4). This is the third volume of the series and, so far as it goes, it is a concise pictorial and biographical reference book of prominent people in industry and the arts. There is a special section devoted to His Majesty's chief officers of State.

### *The League of Goodwill*

SOME time ago your Bystander was able to give you some particulars of the League of Goodwill, founded by that well-known amateur singer, Miss Phyllis Holman. If you remember, I told you that the objects of the League were to establish a membership of social friends who could help others less fortunately situated than themselves in little matters that demand thoughtfulness and kindly acts—things so often taken for granted, and so often overlooked in the unnoticed groove that to so many of us means everyday life. Little things that mean so much! Unwanted tickets for a concert; motor drives for invalids when the car is idle; personal introductions for unknown singers; cases of distress referred to the proper authorities; unwanted clothing tactfully and quietly given to those

*Central Press*

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR

**Parade, when, in the bright June sunlight, his Majesty birthday. The troops taking part in the ceremony, command of Lieut.-Col. G. J. Edwards, D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards**

to whom such a gift means a heaven-sent blessing; all these and lots more besides the League can and does do. Its objects and the work already done were very ably described by Captain E. P. Bennett, V.C., at a reception given by Miss Holman at Winchester House on Monday. The founder told me an interesting little fact arising from the previous paragraph in THE BYSTANDER. It was seen by a reader in a lonely part of Somaliland, and the League was happily able to supply his requests for creature comforts. Another meeting of the League is to be held at Winchester House on July 6. Those who are interested should write to the Hon. Organiser, 31, Albion Street, Hyde Park, W.2.

### *An Anniversary Dance*

TO-MORROW (Thursday) sees the tenth anniversay celebration of the Ivory Cross, which, under the presidency of the Duchess of Portland, is holding its annual thé dansant at Claridge's Hotel. In addition to the dancing there will be Bridge for those who don't want to dance—nowadays, I suppose, one cannot say for those who *don't* dance. Tickets (price 10*s*. 6*d*. each) can be had from the Hon. Sec., Miss Fletcher, 10, Henrietta Street, W. 1, or from any member of the committee.

HIS MAJESTY AT THE CEREMONY *Photopress*

**The King, mounted on his charger, arriving for the Trooping of the Colour. The Duke of York, Prince Henry, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Lascelles and Marshal Foch all took part in the procession from Buckingham Palace**

# MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT

## SOMETHING NEW IN COMPETITIONS

### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

THE study of finger-prints is one of the most fascinating of modern times. Everyone is interested, because, no matter how much we shake our heads in stern denial of atavistic instinct, every one of us has in him—or her—that streak of morbidness that takes a queer little delight in anything connected with crime. With this in mind, we present with every confidence our new Finger-print Competition. In connection with this there will appear week by week an absorbing series of articles on this branch of criminology by Mr. Vincent Wray, who is an acknowledged expert on the subject. The Competition itself is simple—but not so simple as it looks! Without wishing to cast any aspersions on our readers, we invite any one to send us an imprint of his or her thumb on the coupon to be found on p. 819, *keeping a duplicate imprint for his or her future reference.* Every week we will publish a selection of twenty-five examples from the prints received, and will award a prize of £1 1*s.* to each reader who can identify his or her own finger-print.

A few seconds' practice will enable you to obtain a clear example of your thumb-print. Take some ink of dense consistence, smear it over a pad or a sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the ink and roll the inked thumb slowly from left to right over a sheet of white paper. Repeat this until you obtain a clear outline. Then post this to us with your name and address on the coupon provided. The impression to be sent to us must be made in the ruled square space provided on the coupon, or on a piece of clean paper cut to this size *and pasted on to the coupon.*

As soon as the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (this will be done in our issue of June 24), examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate which you have retained. When you have picked out your own particular guinea's worth of smudge (all thumb-prints will of course be numbered as in this specimen page), send in your claim to the Editor, writing your name legibly and the number of the print you have identified.

Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements such as Nos. 1, 2, 10, 13, 14, 17, 20, 26, 30, and 32 will be disqualified. Finger-prints for the first selected batch should be received by the Editor on or before June 15. The Editor's decision is final.

## Two Finger-Print Records from Scotland Yard

*WE reproduce here two typical photographic enlargements of finger impressions from Scotland Yard's criminal records. The diagram on the left is the enlargement of a finger mark found at the scene of the crime. The right-hand diagram is an impression of the suspected criminal's ring finger taken after his arrest. The radial pointer lines indicate the points of similarity—to the expert eye incontrovertible proof.*

# *The Romance and Mystery of Finger-Prints*

By VINCENT WRAY (*Author of "Finger-Prints of Fate," etc., etc.*)

IT IS now many years since Sir William Herschel—then a Commissioner of the Peace in India—told me the romantic story of his discovery of the use of finger-prints in the identification of native litigants who appeared before him. Many of these suitors were habitual and confirmed perjurers, and with supreme audacity would deny the authenticity of their signatures; therefore, after considerable experiment, Sir William insisted that thumb-prints should be affixed to important documents. These prints were found to be infallible, and many were the plaintiffs and defendants who, appearing before the Commissioner and requested to reproduce the prints, held up mutilated thumbs. Of course, this expedient told against them, and they began to look upon the Commissioner as a Daniel come to Judgment.

SUBSEQUENTLY, Sir William extended his studies and exploration, and in the result he found that there are no two human beings with finger-prints that are exactly alike, and that they are a more infallible test of identity than handwriting or even photographs. Yet I do not think that Sir William imagined the extensive use to which his epoch-making discovery would be put or the wonderful results which would be achieved by others who elaborated the amazing systems that are in existence all over the civilised world.

IT was soon after my interview with Sir William, who was then living in Oxford, that I met M. Bertillon, who had come to London in pursuit of two criminals—apaches who had left behind their identity in the shape of finger-marks on tumblers and whose records were amongst the annals of the Surété. He was enthusiastic about the science which was then in its infancy. I recall how he said to me: "I can show you many people who are alike as two peas. Their resemblance is so marked that it would deceive even the most trained and accurate of observers. Anthropometric measurements, too, are deceptive, though they are useful as an accessory, if I may be permitted to use the phrase. But the finger-print—ah, it never, never lies."

HE insisted that it was the duty of the fathers of all families to insist that finger-prints should be taken. Then, whatever may happen, there can be no mistake of identity, no impersonation, no uncertainty; and he was wont to quote the case of the claimant in the Tichborne case, and to say, "Had the finger-prints of the heir been taken before he departed for abroad, the imposture would immediately have been found out, and the affair settled in two minutes."

IT was Bertillon who roughly divided the marks and lines in finger-prints into loops, whorls, ridges, deltas and composites. He started to reduce them to a system of mathematics so that they could be duly tabulated and registered. But, after all, the greatest and most laborious work was done by famous Englishmen. Sir Edward Henry, a Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, wrote a volume on the subject, which has become a text book and a classic. Detective-Superintendent Collins collected and indexed most of the thousands of records that are at Scotland Yard, and Professor Francis Galton published several brochures in which he urged that finger-prints are the surest, and, indeed, the only safe test of identity. Shortly before his lamented death he said to me: "If there are three points of resemblance between two prints, the odds are fifty millions to one that they are made by the same person."

A BREAK in a loop, the irregularities of the ridges, the sweep of the whorl, all are distinct, and what is more, the prints, except to expand, do not alter from babyhood to old age.

NOT only is the taking of finger-prints an amusement that might even rival the universal cross-word puzzle, but it forms an abiding proof of identity—and on the outbreak of war I was the first to urge that the families of those who enlisted should retain prints, which are much more intimate and more abiding than photographs.

### Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

**No. 1**

*June 10, 1925*

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

.....

*This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, June 15*

*Only one thumb to be placed in this square.*

*For Rules governing this fascinating competition, see opposite page*

# With the Prince on His South African Tour

Our "First Ambassador's" Journey Through the Union of South Africa—United to Give Welcome to Their Sportsman Guest

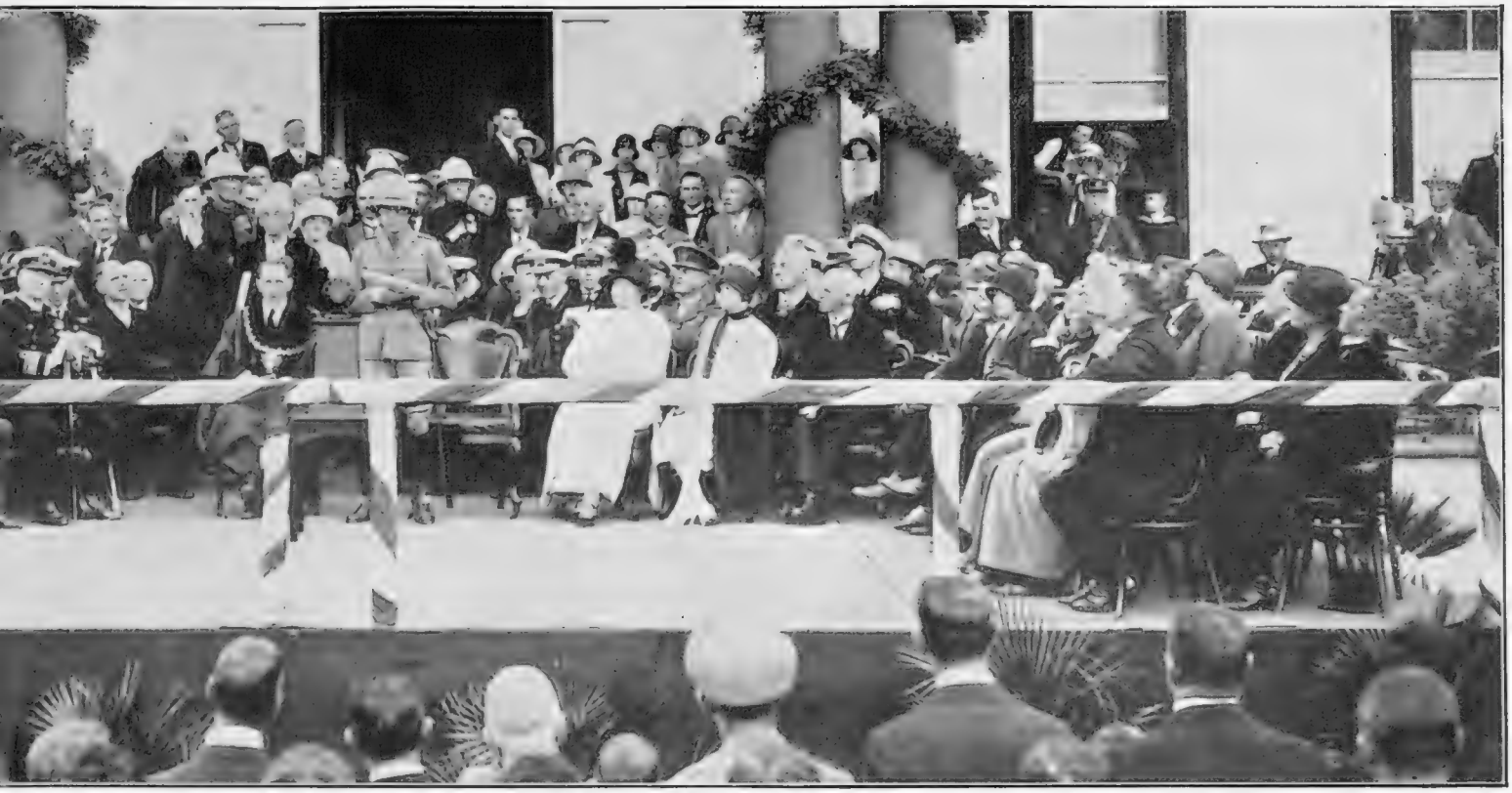
A VELD VIEW

The Prince of Wales at Grootfontein, the little Griqualand town, that is chiefly conspicuous for the absence of the "fountain." He is mounted on "Critic," belonging to a local farmer, but the headdress is His Royal Highness's own, and conforms to the needs of a hot and dusty district

The Prince of Wales replying to a

*Photographs*

The Prince entering Colesberg (the scene, it



THE EASTERN PROVINCE WELCOMES ITS GUEST

Address of Welcome at the City Hall, Port Elizabeth. The Eastern Province was as warm in its welcome of the Royal guest as was the Western, where he got his first view of sunny South Africa

*N. P. A.*

ON COMMANDO

will be remembered, of bitter fighting during the Boer war) at the head of a local commando. It would appear as if the order "ladies first" is strictly observed on commando—at any rate as far as the rank and file are concerned

The "Plaza"—"A sinking feeling in the place where you keep your money"

# A Gringo in the Argentine

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustrated by BRYAN DE GRINEAU*

FROM the moment your Royal Mail Steam "pacquet" sets her sails (actually she is 15,000 tons and oil-driven) from Southampton for Buenos Aires, you will seldom hear the capital of Argentina spoken of as anything but B.A.

During the voyage you will receive information from various sources: "Buenos Aires is the most wonderful city in the world—motor-cars, jewels, palaces—MUY LINDO!" an enthusiastic young Argentine will tell you.

"B.A.," says the underpaid English bank clerk, "is the last place on God's earth." And it is for underpaid bank clerks.

A young Anglo-Argentine girl will tell you that B.A. is the jolliest place in the world—tennis at Hurlingham, boating on the Tigre, expeditions to the Cordoba hills, dances: "You have the time of your life," she says. Which you can well believe.

Finally, you yourself arrive at the mouth of the River Plate and steam slowly up the stately gold-flushed waterway. With a sinking feeling in the place where you keep your money, you drive straight to the Plaza Hotel. All good English and Americans go to the Plaza, but you have heard it is terribly expensive. A reception-clerk, with the manner of an Ambassador, partially sets your mind at ease. It appears that the hotel is yours, you are his guest; his overwhelming pleasure at seeing you makes it impossible to touch on the price of rooms.

You go to your room, despatch a collection of three weeks' laundry, and await results. The laundry comes back next day; so does the bill. It would have been cheaper to buy fresh shirts.

Meanwhile you have presented your letters of introduction; in particular to Don Emillo Cangallo Nijo, son of Senor Don Emillo Cangallo—or "Emilito," as his friends call him. Emilito turns up probably on the third day. He insists that you come out at once to stay on his father's estancia, that you consider his house in Buenos Aires your own, and that in the meantime you come to luncheon with him. The whole-heartedness of his greeting leaves you slightly out of breath.

Proceeding down Florida (the Bond Street of Buenos Aires and a really remarkable thoroughfare), you meet a series of Emilito's friends, to whom you are introduced They all put their houses, horses, and other personal effects at your disposal, and you begin to forget that washing bill.

You enter the portals of the Jockey Club, catch a hurried glimpse of a staircase bordered with green onyx

*(Continued on page 824)*

"A Scotsman walked down Florida in a kilt"

# In Love with his Own Image

"Sasha"

THADEE SLAVINSKY

In the name part of "Narcisse," one of the ballets with which those clever people of the Diaghileff Company are attracting lovers of the Russian Ballet to the Coliseum

## HURLINGHAM—AT BUENOS AIRES

"A young Anglo-Argentine girl will tell you that B.A. is the jolliest place in the world"

white marble statuary, priceless pictures, before you are hurried into the barber's shop. Here Emilito flings himself into a chair; a man begins to polish his boots, another puts hot towels on his face, a third oils and combs his hair. The same happens to you. When boots, face, and hair are all shining glossily, you proceed upstairs to a repast sufficient to last you for a week. Beginning with an enormous plate of cold meats (by way of *hors d'œuvres*) you go on to fish, several ribs of roasted lamb, stewed fruits, cheese, and melon. Emilito assures you he eats the same amount every day, and so does everyone else in Argentina. This you subsequently discover to be true.

You ache to go away somewhere quietly and lie down, but Emilito shows you over the club. Some club! Never did any private institution possess such palatial rooms—or such a cellar, stretching for acres under the adjoining buildings and containing all the choicest wines from Europe. Finally, pressing a ticket for Sunday's races in your hands, Emilito says good-bye, assuring you he will call on you at the Plaza that night. You never see him or any of his friends again, and if you are at first surprised and a little disappointed, it is well to remember that he has greeted your arrival in his country in a manner you will be hard put to it to rival should he come to yours; and that though the code of Spanish-American good manners lay down that everything shall be offered to the stranger he is not expected to take the offer seriously.

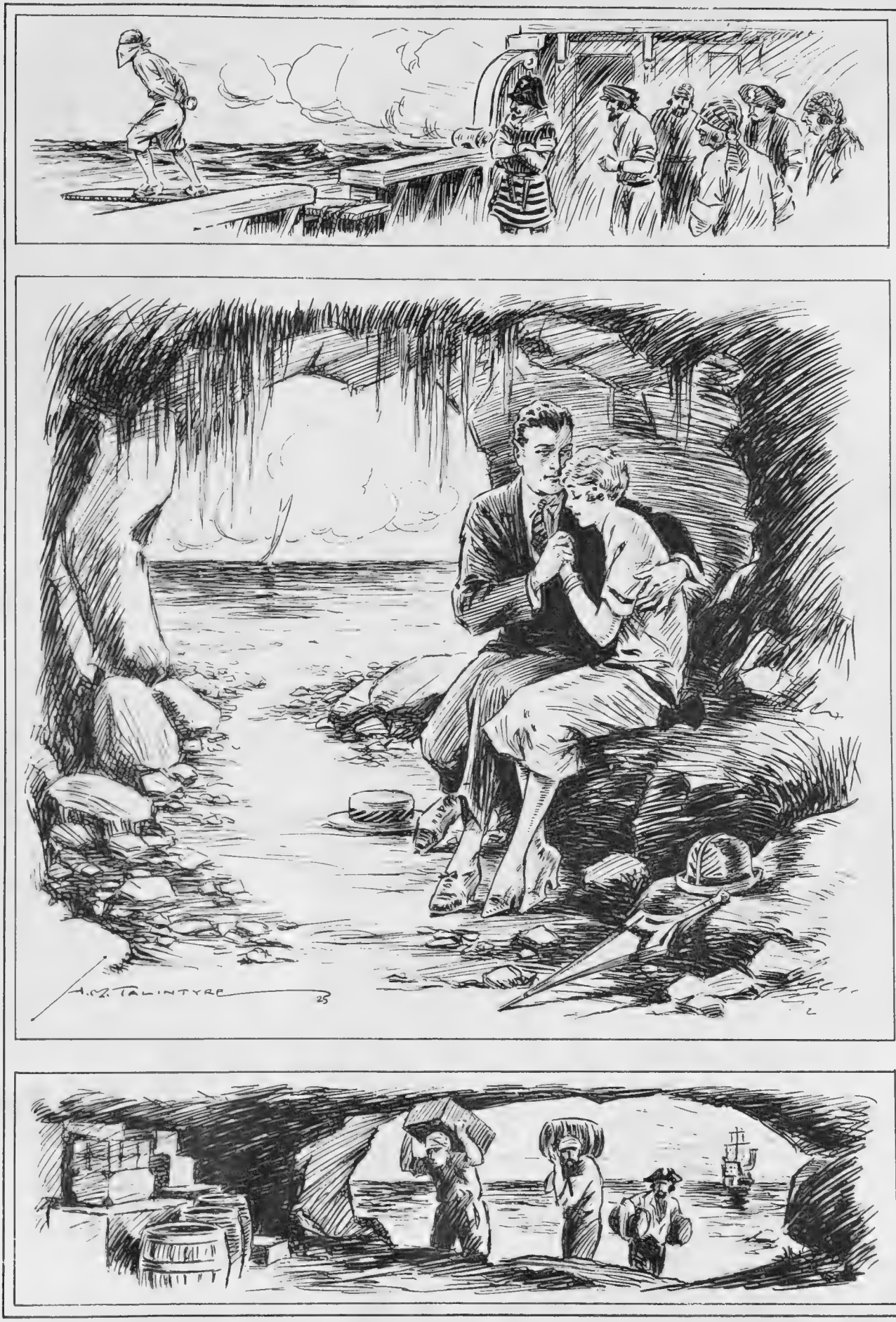
From now on, unless your introductions are of a very special character, you will see no more of the inside of Argentine life. Few English are admitted within the sacred portals of the Jockey Club on a permanent footing, and Anglo-Argentines who have been twenty years in the country will tell you they have never been inside an Argentine's private house.

There remain to you the ordinary opportunities open to the ordinary *gringo* (newly arrived foreigner) of seeing the life of the city. Of these more later. Now only one small hint. Though you arrive in Buenos Aires in the hot weather, when the temperature is 100 degrees and all the world adrip, do not wear a drill suit. The Argentine regards the Britisher as amicably mad, and will forgive him almost anything, but to pretend you think his city hot and treat it as the tropics is more than he can bear. He himself is always as scrupulously dressed in London clothes as if he was in Piccadilly.

A Scotsman, attending a gathering of his countrymen on St. Andrew's Day, walked down Florida in a kilt. He was arrested. If an Englishman wore a sun-helmet in Buenos Aires he would probably be shot.

*[Further articles on the Argentine by Mr. Arthur Mills will appear later, in view of the Prince of Wales's forthcoming visit to that delightful country]*

# "The Snuggler's Cove"




BY H. M. TALINTYRE

A tale of Adventure—with a touch of romance according to the period

# RAIN

AT THE GARRICK

*Produced May 12th, 1925*

By "JINGLE"

*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE Editor has asked me to make it clear that in selecting this play for review in his Summer Number he is in no way animated by the spirit of malignant prophecy. I have his personal assurance that he is not even on speaking terms with the Clerk of the Weather, whose muddling policy of late quite unfits the fellow for association with an organisation so supremely efficient as that of THE BYSTANDER. If, therefore, a rainy summer should follow the selection of this vigorous play, the disaster may be safely attributed to spite arising from professional jealousy. Indeed, so little is a wet season anticipated, that at the Garrick Theatre the management have been obliged to supply rain by artificial means. Hence many thousands of gallons of water are drawn up to the roof by a secret known only to the inventor, and splattered down by instalments almost continuously throughout the performance. And when you have the pattering of the rain, and the gramophone, and the American accent all going together, the combination makes the following of the rich dialogue a little difficult.

RECENTLY I saw in a French "comic" paper an illustration showing a wealthy parvenu in his château, who had been detected by his wife in the act of hugging the maid-of-all-work. His excuse was that there is nothing else to do in the country on a wet day. It would seem, therefore, that rain in desolate places is directly provocative of moral obliquity. The story of this play begins in the living-room of Joe Horn's "hotel store" on the island of Pago-Pago, South Seas. Joe is a hundred-per-cent American, but he has fled from his native land as he cannot reconcile its excessive affectation of piety with its extensive sales of wooden nutmegs. He is a genial soul who quotes the classics at all hours. He even goes to the length of reading Nietszche to his native squaw, who, while manifesting a proper admiration for the "words of learned length and thundering sound," is obviously no wiser after the reading than before.

THE END OF A ZEALOT *Stage Photo Co.*

Natives report the finding of "Reverend Davidson's" body to the hotel keeper, Joe Horn (Mr. Shep Camp), and his half-caste squaw Ameena (Miss Barbara Gott)

VISITORS begin to arrive at the hotel. Dr. McPhail and the Rev. Alfred Davidson come with their wives, intending to stay for a day or so; but an outbreak of cholera on their ship makes them practically prisoners for a fortnight. And then the Rain comes; and just as things are about as depressing as they can be, Sadie Thompson bursts upon the little community and upsets everybody. We know nothing of Sadie's past except what we may infer, and I regret to say the inference is a quite uncharitable one. Sadie's first move is to invite two or three American Marines into her room on a Sunday afternoon, where they all dance and make merry to the music of a cheap gramophone. This is, of course, more than the Rev. Davidson can stand. He dashes uninvited into the room, and declares his belief that Sadie is a Scarlet Woman who has escaped from a house of ill-fame of Honolulu. The next thing the Rev. gentleman knows is that he is being flung outside and bumped against the wall by an irreligious Marine, who has a weakness for protecting ladies from insult.

THE play has been dramatised from Mr. Somerset Maugham's story by Mr. John Colton and Mr. Clemence Randolph, who are, I understand, Americans. They doubtless accept full responsibility for their merciless exposure of the American missionary system, which has apparently acquired great influence, both political and social, by levying blackmail on Senators with a Past, and other conscious sinners in high places. The Rev. Davidson seems to be a dismal combination of the bully and the brute. Both he and his wife are moved, not so much by the desire to reform their neighbours, as to enjoy the vulgar satisfaction of "downing" those who dare to differ from them in opinion. Both husband and wife smack their lips over the recollection of the Danish trader who refused

to obey their ruling, and whom in consequence they reduced from opulence to hunger and rags.

THE Rev. Davidson feels henceforth called upon to "reform" Sadie by fair means or foul. He has all the methods of the Prohibitionist stalwarts in America who imposed their will upon the majority of the nation by subtle chicanery. He demands that Sadie shall forthwith adopt his religious views, and when she distinctly declines to do anything of the sort, he goes to the Governor of the island, and insists that Sadie shall be deported as an Undesirable. The Governor, having decent instincts, at first demurs against the proposed course; but the Rev. Davidson promptly reminds him that his Missionary Society has so much political influence that they can jerk him out of his job with a mere wave of the hand. So the order for deportation is reluctantly made.

SADIE then appeals to the Rev. gentleman for mercy. She does not wish to go back to San Francisco for the simple reason that she is "wanted" there. But the missionary is not a merciful man. He tells her that she must go back and serve her time as part of her spiritual reformation. Then harsh words are said on both sides. The missionary calls Sadie a horrid name, and she retorts in kind, and all but fetches him a wunner with her raised hand in the intensity of her emotion. But the underground influences against her are too strong, and finally, as though hypnotised by the missionary's strong personality, she kneels with him in prayer, and listens to him respectfully when he tells her that she is now among the "saved." Sadie becomes obviously changed. She leaves off her excess of paint and powder, and reveals herself as a simple girl of quite delicate beauty. The Rev. gentleman is surprised at her altered appearance, and he begins to feel that he has, as it were, created a girl after his own heart. So that when she retires for the night he follows her into her room and shuts the door, and the curtain falls. And in the morning we learn that he has gone out and cut his throat, thus setting a good example to all fanatics everywhere.

THE INTERFERENCE ACT *Stage Photo Co.*

The Reverend Alfred Davidson asks for trouble—and gets it—in "Rain" at the Garrick. Left to right: Mrs. McPhail (Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter), Mrs. Davidson (Miss Marda Vanne, who has returned to the stage from South Africa), Corporal Hodgeson (Mr. John Rockey), Sergeant O'Hara (Mr. Stuart Sage), Sadie Thompson (Miss Olga Lindo), Private Griggs (Mr. James Dyrenforth, who has contributed some amusing impressions of London, "Through Horn-rimmed Spectacles," to the "Bystander"), the Reverend Alfred Davidson (Mr. Malcolm Keen), Dr. McPhail (Mr. J. H. Roberts).

ANALYSIS of the emotions of this play is rather for the physician in his consulting room than for a mere looker-on like myself, especially as I have not the honour to be a licentiate of the Faculty. There is no subtle psychology about the Rev. Davidson. His familiar type of character could be summed up in the club smoke-room as quickly and as accurately as anywhere. The part is played with proper earnestness and vigour by Mr. Malcolm Keen, who makes the Rev. gentleman as horrid as the authors of the play could ever have intended him to be.

MISS OLGA LINDO as the lost soul is truly astonishing in her splendid vigour, which now and again seems to tax unduly her physical powers. But it is a performance of striking merit, which seems to electrify the rest of the production. Mr. J. H. Roberts as Dr. McPhail is an amusing foil to the ranting of the missionary; while Miss Marda Vanne plays the missionary's wife in the cold, unemotional way the part requires. The real rain will no doubt appeal with a force of its own to the friends of the curious. Barnum would have just loved it. I look forward to a day in the near future when someone will produce a tropical play with the correct atmosphere, and we shall be urged to bring with us our electric fans and mosquito nets.

JINGLE

# Motley Musings

"I'm not surprised at the French horse's failure," said a racing man discussing the Derby, "for when they Ptolemy how wonderful he was, I wouldn't believe 'em."

. . . . .

We understand that the lucky owner has never been afflicted with the Oxford Manna.

. . . .

A platelayer, while reading a newspaper on a railway, has been cut to pieces by a fast train. Reading between the lines of the report, we imagine he was absorbed in the Express.

. . .

Midges are said to have appeared in considerable quantities at Margate. Consequently, the ankles of the flappers in that neighbourhood are neater and gnattier than ever.

. . . .

"Thompson seems to be taking his bowling very seriously."

"Yes, he seems far too bent upon his task to break!"

. . . . .

Brevity is said to be the one thing needful in the dialogue of a modern comedy.

Scene: *A Seaside Promenade.*

He: Smoke?
She: Ta.
He: Sit?
She: Tar!
He: Mother?
She: Tartar!
He: Father?
She: Tar!
He: Going?
She: Ta-ta!

"The Nile boatmen are the jolliest in the world."—Extract from Letter.

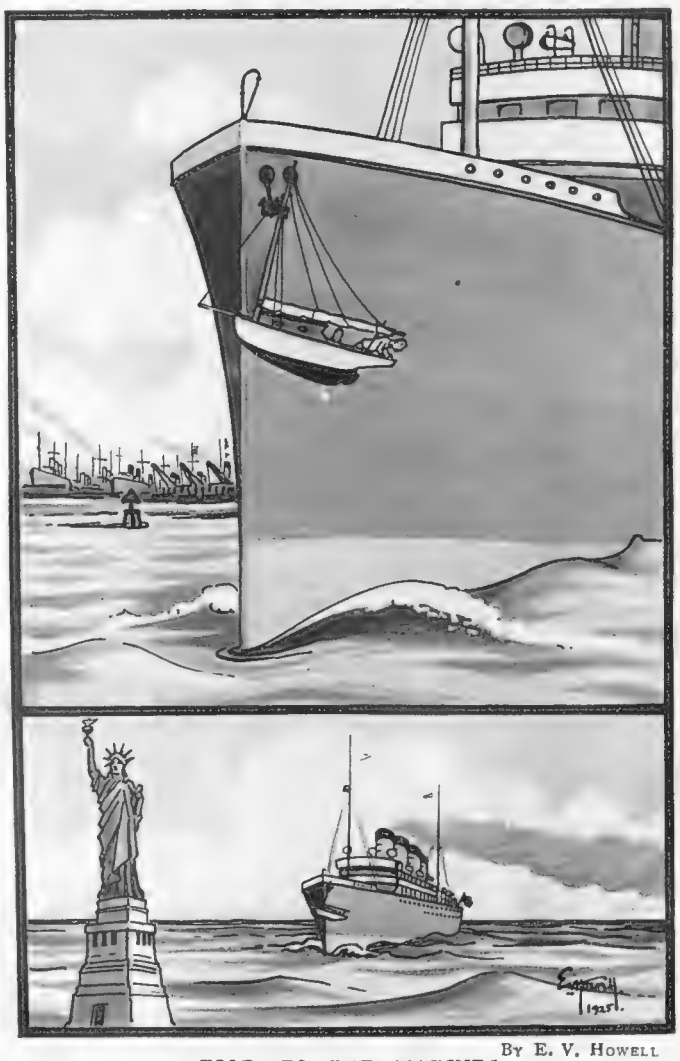
*Upon the Nile the boatmen there*
*Are free from any worrying care,*
*And happy as the day is long,*
*Where all goes right and naught goes wrong,*
*They never chance to lose their hair.*
*Unto a tom-tom (or a gong)*
*They lift their voices up in song,*
*And never overcharge a fare*
*Upon the Nile.*
*And I, a humble Cockney, sit*
*And ponder how they manage it.*
*For work I've done I've not a sou;*
*My salary is overdue,*
*So can you wonder I'm dismayed?*

. . . . .

*Perhaps* they *get their wages paid*
*Upon the* Nile!

. . . . .

The suburban gardener's Saturday song: "I love you, mower and mower!"



By E. V. Howell

**TOLD TO THE MARINES**

The sad story of the yacht that anchored too close to a liner at Southampton

### Double Meanings

Foreigners are constantly complaining of pitfalls in the English language.

*Why is it, sadly I remark,*
*That shooting pheasants is a "lark"?*
*Why don't "dog" roses ever bark?*

*It comes upon me with a shock*
*That at "bullrushes" one can mock,*
*And no "cats'-cradles" ever rock.*

*I'm sure I've never come across*
*A fellow, who's sustained a loss,*
*Lament his lost "rhino"-ceros.*

*Although I've got a doctor's word,*
*It seems so palpably absurd*
*That deaf men saw a flock and "herd."*

*I know a horse can never say*
*"Yes," as he isn't built that way;*
*But why should he emit a "neigh?"*

*And here's a twister, you'll admit:*
*As I have made my bed, a wit*
*Declares that I must "lion" it!*

. . . . .

We have just seen a letter from a small boy written from his prep. school to his father simply stating, "I made no runs yesterday." Surely that isn't much to write home about.

. . . .

For insurance purposes we understand that organ-blowers come under the category of manual workers.

. . . .

"Where did you first meet your *fiancée*?" asked a friend of rhetorical Reggie.

"By the sad sea waves, dear boy," replied the latter, lyrically. "I was just about to dive into the briny blue when that vision of beauty swam into my ken."

. . .

A little ill-feeling was introduced into a cricket match, recently played between two teams of grocers and butchers, because the captain of the former refused to allow another man to field when one of the meat merchants was disabled. The trade slogan, "Refuse all substitutes," can be carried too far.

. . . .

Answer to Correspondent: No, Charon did not fry soles over the sticks.

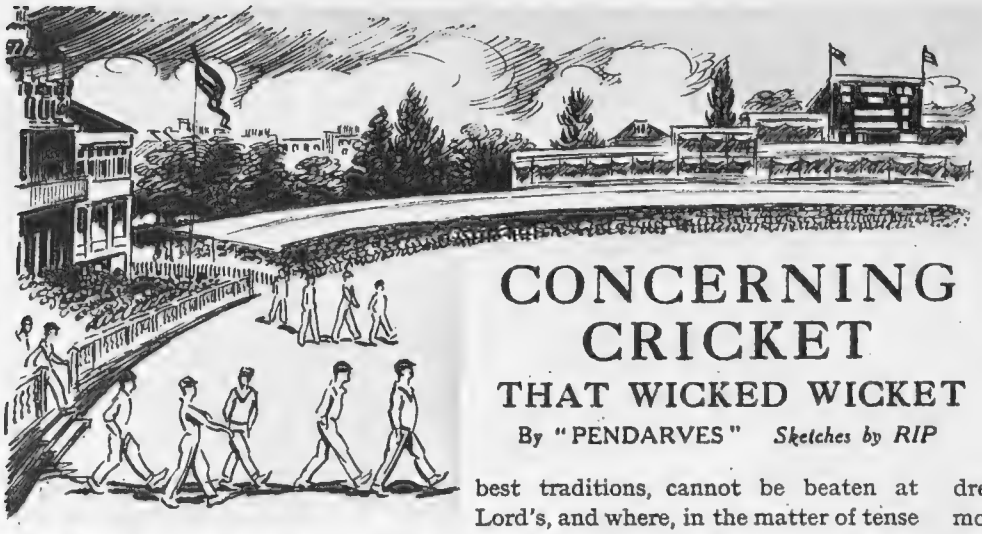
HARTLEY CARRICK

# A Little Local Colour

"Sasha"

MISS MARY CLARE

As Mona, the demi-mondaine, in "Spring Cleaning," at St. Martin's, a part which she took over at very short notice in place of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt



# CONCERNING CRICKET

## THAT WICKED WICKET

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by RIP*

MR. B. J. T. BOSANQUET says, in one of his able letters to the *Morning Post*, that the general standard of cricket has certainly not improved as compared with, say, twenty years ago. He attributes this most particularly to the failure to provide good wickets, upon which the young idea may be trained.

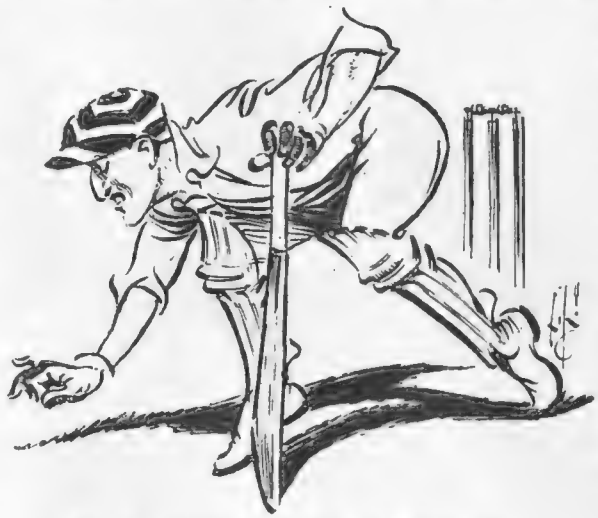
Of course, he is perfectly right. Even if he was not, far be it from me to hazard a controversy with the inventor of the "googlie," which lethal weapon twice broke the back of the Australian batting in Test Matches and made victory for England a certainty. (Applause.)

He says we are a race of swipers and slingers—all on account of the wicket, and its treachery and mediocrity. One's thoughts turn at once to browse over wickets one has known, loved, despised and feared—generally the latter.

But there is one well-known wicket that is beloved by a great concourse of men. It is a versatile wicket, for it serves the dual purposes of the cricket and the football seasons. It is laid, is this pitch, on the waste land at the corner where Marigold Street drifts somewhat vaguely, with no apparent purpose, into Arthur's Rents, Barking, E. When not in play it is covered with the neighbourhood's washing. Of grass it has none; such things as uniformity of surface and requisite length do not trouble its users. They are such keen cricketers, are the Marigoldian Cricketing Concourse (the M.C.C. of the district), that this sort of thing is, in their vociferously expressed opinion, good enough for any *player* of the gaime.

There are wickets like this all over the country, and the spectator, sitting on the rim of a bottomless bucket on the "boundary" of any of these grounds, will have an afternoon's enjoyment which, for the upkeeping of the best traditions, cannot be beaten at Lord's, and where, in the matter of tense excitement, the Oval by comparison seems a colourless sort of place.

At school, of course, the wicket is a fearsome thing, when you reach it, fidgetting nervously with a batting glove about a size and a half too large. And however short your visit may habitually be between the stumps, you have very pronounced opinions about its condition, upkeep, and general fallibility all the same. These you can voice with the best of them when you are not called upon, say, to do something about preventing your House having to "follow on" against that hated and "cockey" School House who beat you last year by an innings and 143 runs—mind you, Smith Major wasn't playing for you (mumps) on that occasion, but the fact remains——



"With the batsmen the worship of the wicket takes a very tangible shape"

This reasonable and proper homage paid to the wicket is retained by all men in after-life, though their method of devotion takes them in different ways. The periodical pilgrimage to mid-field is nowhere more ceremoniously indulged by the community at large than on any day you like to sneak away from your office ("I had better go up West and see Digby and Digby about that contract, confound it!") and watch the performance at Lord's.

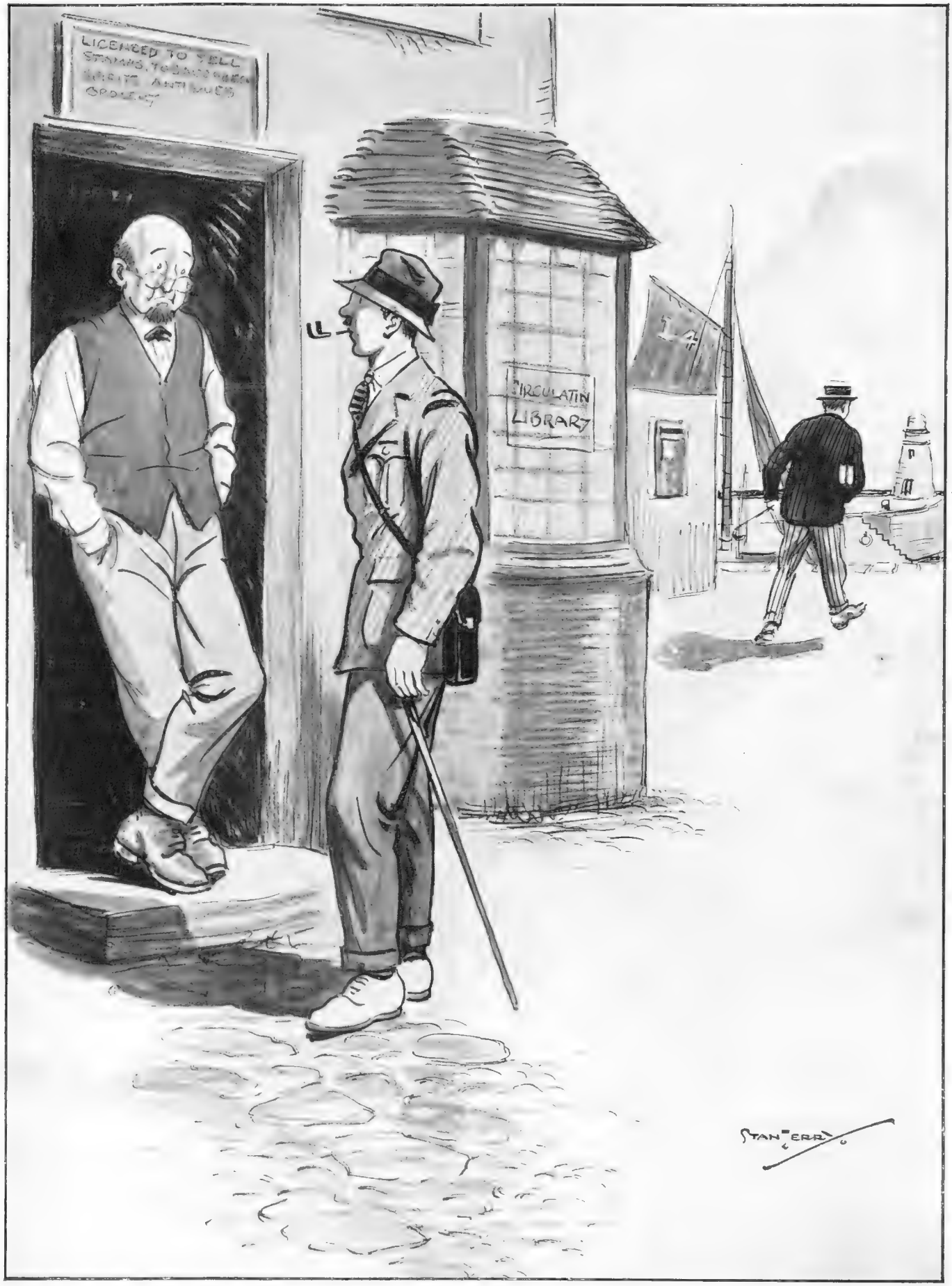
I am much too old a hand to be caught napping in criticising a Middlesex wicket, or indeed any wicket that the Lords of Cricketing Creation of their bounty extend to strangers to come and play on. To me, sitting humbly in the Mound Stand, or, if my uncle with the I.Z. tie happens to be in town, in the Members' Friends' Enclosure, the entire green space from boundary to boundary appears like the best Welsh croquet lawn, except for the wide stripes of the roller.

In the opinion of many hundreds of other devotees, however, with more advanced views than mine, the Lord's wicket cannot be judged until it has been inspected. Wherefore you get the Ritual of the Roping. Most impressive it is. Sombre groundsmen, backed up silently in their work by taciturn policemen, peg out with ropes and poles, signifying "thus far and no farther." Hither hurry the multitude from all four corners of the ground bent upon this inspection business.

One can only assume they depart sorrowfully, like the young man having great possessions, or entirely satisfied with what they have seen. Their faces express neither joy nor sorrow. They merely stand and stare thoughtfully at the space between the stumps and its immediate vicinity. Nobody speaks. They are far too intent on the gentlemen with the roller, and the man with the whitewash and brush painting the lily of the crease. I have a shrewd suspicion always that nobody speaks because they have nothing to say. The wicket *looks* wicked. Middlesex all out 158, last three wickets 2, tells them so; but the ceremony must be undertaken or they haven't had their money's worth. Is it that? Or is there some hidden cult beyond my ken?

With the batsmen, naturally, the worship of the wicket takes a very tangible shape. That walking sedately out of the inner temple of the crease and "pat-patting" with the business end of the bat upon some particle of grass or other danger spot, is what every wicket-fearing man *must* do if he is to maintain any sort of a reputation as a "sound bat with a goodly variety of strokes all round the wicket" . . . and, in any case, who are we to mock at any man who has the temerity to face, say, Parker and Dennett's bowling, on a day when the wicket is easy and difficult in turn. I certainly will not. I am only thankful nobody asked me to have a cut at it.

# Those Limited Editions




BY STAN TERRY

VISITOR *(to Postmaster at remote fishing village)*: "I believe you have a circulating library?"

POSTMASTER *(indicating departing Visitor carrying two books)*: "Yessir, but you're too late. That gent's just borrowed it."

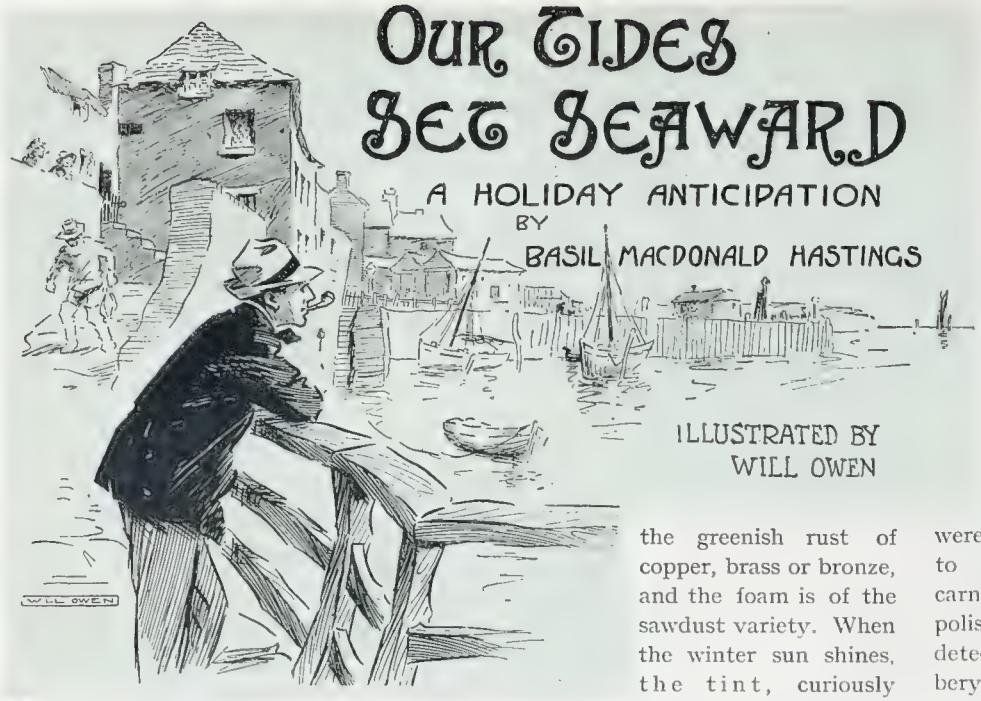
# Our Tides Set Seaward

## A Holiday Anticipation

BY

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL OWEN



You will be glad to hear that the sea is going to be the same this summer as it was last. I have been keeping an eye on it for you, because I know that when the roses of June appear you begin to think of your holiday, and all but three or four of you go to coasts. I know, or pretend I know, that urge to the moving, wet world as well as any man, and all sea-lovers are my cherished friends or my forgiven enemies. "In the deep heart of you," to paraphrase Rupert Brooke, "the sullen waters swell towards the moon, and all your tides set seaward."

You know that wooden jetty the seaward side of which is covered with wet slimy weed, of so vivid a grass-green when the sun shines on it. Over the rail of that I lean when I spare time to keep an eye on the sea. The water is broken by an arm before it gets up to the jetty, and so is not rough and can be studied. It moves, of course, though snunkles is my word for it. Sometimes it laps, occasionally it splashes, but most times it snunkles. The noise sometimes reminds me of the drawing forth of a champagne bottle from a pail of ice, but it is more often a tinkle than a suck, and has an effect of gaiety.

On grey days in winter the colour is bluish-green, a verdigris, like the greenish rust of copper, brass or bronze, and the foam is of the sawdust variety. When the winter sun shines, the tint, curiously enough, is pea-green or malachite. There is something in the water in winter that you do not find in summer except when the mackerel shoals are in. Only now are we arriving at translucence, and it is not perfect yet. Limpidity and the crystal clearness do not come till the hot, stifled days of July and August.

Emerald and aquamarine, and a flush of foam that is whiter than the pearl. You are thinking, you, who are a-dream of holiday, of a spray that is like a torrent of the petals of the marguerite. I cannot say that I have seen it yet, but this is early June when the world is most emphatically not at its best. Too much, methinks, of this maundering of maiden greens and the dying tints of October. Give me the times of completion when the verdure tosses in the pride of accomplishment. You can keep the half-baked and the half-dead . . . But I suppose I was writing about water.

Our sea-jewels will surely come. I have seen them glittering as early as June, but that must have been in another world. The apple-green tints come first, those apples that were grown in the Garden of Eden to be heaped against the incarnadine brown of the top of a polished Jacobean table. Next we detect the fluttering greens of the beryl, a little washy, and then the cool, caressing green of old glass bottles. Finally, in the high noon of sun-smeared dog-days, our beloved water is of a pellucid olive, crystal greenness, glassy greenness, hyaline virescence.

Can you smell the tar? Never mind where it comes from—sea-lovers are not scientists—but believe me when I tell you that a few yards away there is a sea-shop. A big, bearded man in fisherman's attire, a tan-frock, is going in at the door to buy an anchor. One hardly contemplates the possibility of the buying of anchors, but in this sea-shop they sell two or three a week, aye, and bargain for 'em.

"A big bearded man in fisherman's attire"

Now, say you, there cannot be much variety in anchors. All that could mark one from another would be size. Sir, you can have a Rodger, an improved Marten, a Marten-Adelphi, an improved Marten-Adelphi, a Hall's Improved Stockless, a Wasteney Smith's or a W. L. Byer's and many another, I daresay, for I have not heard of all, having spent too many years in cities. Once, if you please, the arms of anchors were straight, and had a way of snapping. Now they have a wise curving and the points are called "pees." Has anyone used that word in a cross-word puzzle? Whether our friend in the shop wants a stocked or a stockless anchor I cannot say. He knows as well as I do

(Continued on page 834)

# Transience—A Summer Vision

*H. A. Roberts*

*Rhythmic flashing limbs that rove and race,*
*A moment in the dawn for Youth's lit face;*
*A moment's passion, closing on the cry—*
*"O, Beauty, born of lovely things that die!"*—SIEGFRIED SASSOON

that the stockless does not hold so quickly as the stocked, but is a good deal handier instrument. They will have their discussion in there, and I am sure that buyer and seller will both be satisfied.

The sea-shop also sells tarred rope, model yachts, tarpaulins, shrimping-nets, oars, sail-cloth, twine for trawl repair, fishing-tackle, jerseys, with a man's or a ship's name worked fair on the chest for a florin over, paint, petrol, knives for cleaning fish and stabbing in the forecastle, sea-boots, gins for prawns, monster sea-shells, cordage, spare spars, deck swabs and maps, charts, signal rockets, air pillows (presumably for sedentary seamen), sea-clocks, hymn books, glue, aneroids, fish-proof account books, lamps, row-locks, brushes, telescopes, towels, disinfectants, awnings, flags, varnish, axes, baskets, basins (for what?), bathing costumes, bedding, beeswax, stoves, compasses, dried vegetables, gut, hammocks, wire, cardigans and chains, and gives away beautiful smells.

"But the tide is turning and we pick up our sock-stuffed shoes and pick our way back"

Having bought one of each, with the exception, perhaps, of the air pillow, come with me out on to the rocks. On our way we shall sink sometimes into more than usually soft sand, but there is no danger, because when Providence planned this island it was intended for people who do not like to live dangerously. On the rocks we are soon among the barnacles and the seaweed that cracks and pops. It is best to remove your shoes and socks, because the bare foot rarely slips. We stride from peak to peak, feeling as lordly and almost as lonely as the golden eagle in the upper chambers of the air, and eventually arrive at a perch from which our immense minds can contemplate the ocean in all its immensity and absorb the correct moment for retreat at tide-turn.

I am not going to be so cruel as to repeat what we usually say to each other on these occasions. There are certain human pitifulnesses that should not be derided. Suffice it that the awful preliminary phrases are over, and you have got, not I, to the "Why does it inspire such awe?" stage. Well, say I to you, I have a new idea. Is it not conceivable that if life when it first appeared was not a series of graduated forms, ranging from specks of animated matter to human beings, life-forms of simple type must have come first, and these must have become less and less simple till a life-form of high and ever-increasing complexity like yourself appeared?

You will then ask what I am getting at. I shall say that it has occurred to me that at one stage of our development we might have been fish. Hence the seaward sensation. You will smile and say that it is odd that you can never eat cod. Exactly, I shall retort, cod does not eat cod. You will resent this, or let it by, what matter. Observing hesitation in your manner, I shall be gentleman enough to inform you that I do not like crab, and I am sorely afraid that you will say, "I like crab, but it does not like me." At any rate if I protest that you were once a cod, I have thrown in an admission that I might once have been a crab.

Well, there are worse things than that, say you. I say yes. What is it that they give you on railway trains? Foot-warmers, you retort, sharply. Nothing of the sort. Brill . . . yes that's it, brill. Impossible that you should be given it anywhere else. But it is given you on railway trains because only a headlong plunge from the window could save you from it. We both agree that even if our marine complexes are to be explained by a cod-like or crab-like ante-life we have good reason, like Robinson Crusoe, to thank Providence that we are better off than those other men who throw back to brill.

But the tide is turning and we pick up our sock-stuffed shoes and pick our way back, often lifting our knees high like horses, and sometimes turning to look out to sea and smile upon the following breakers. Ah, think we, how dearly you would like to catch us, to turn us into pillars of salt, or whatever it is you do with the bodies of the fish-men who once owed you allegiance.

"The Nereids pursue you," cry I, and you smile if you are a man, though you have forgotten that a Nereid is a sea-nymph, one of the daughters of the sea-god who attended Neptune riding on sea-horses. "The Tritons pursue you," cry I, if you are a girl, and you smile though you have forgotten that a Triton is a marine demi-god, one of the trumpeters of Neptune, his trumpet being a wreathed univalve shell. My own heart is far away in Chaldea, that wise land where they believed that all things to be respected came to them over salt water. "From the sea came a fish-god, Oannes, and he taught men the arts of life."

A good deal of the sweetness of the sea lies in the thinking of it. Once we have arrived at its margin for our holiday, we are, I am afraid, soon satiated; and actually turn inland to moor and down and stream, the most abandoned of us enquiring for golf courses. But it is certain that to the Englishman sea and holiday are synchronal thoughts, and I am therefore glad to be able to tell you that the brine is going to look and sound and smell the same this summer.

Leaps a gay fragment of some mocking tune
That tinkles and laughs and fades along the sand,
And dies between the seawall and the sea.

That mocking tune is calling you, and how well you can hear it.

B. M. H.

BY HAROLD E. EARNSHAW

MISPLACED GENEROSITY

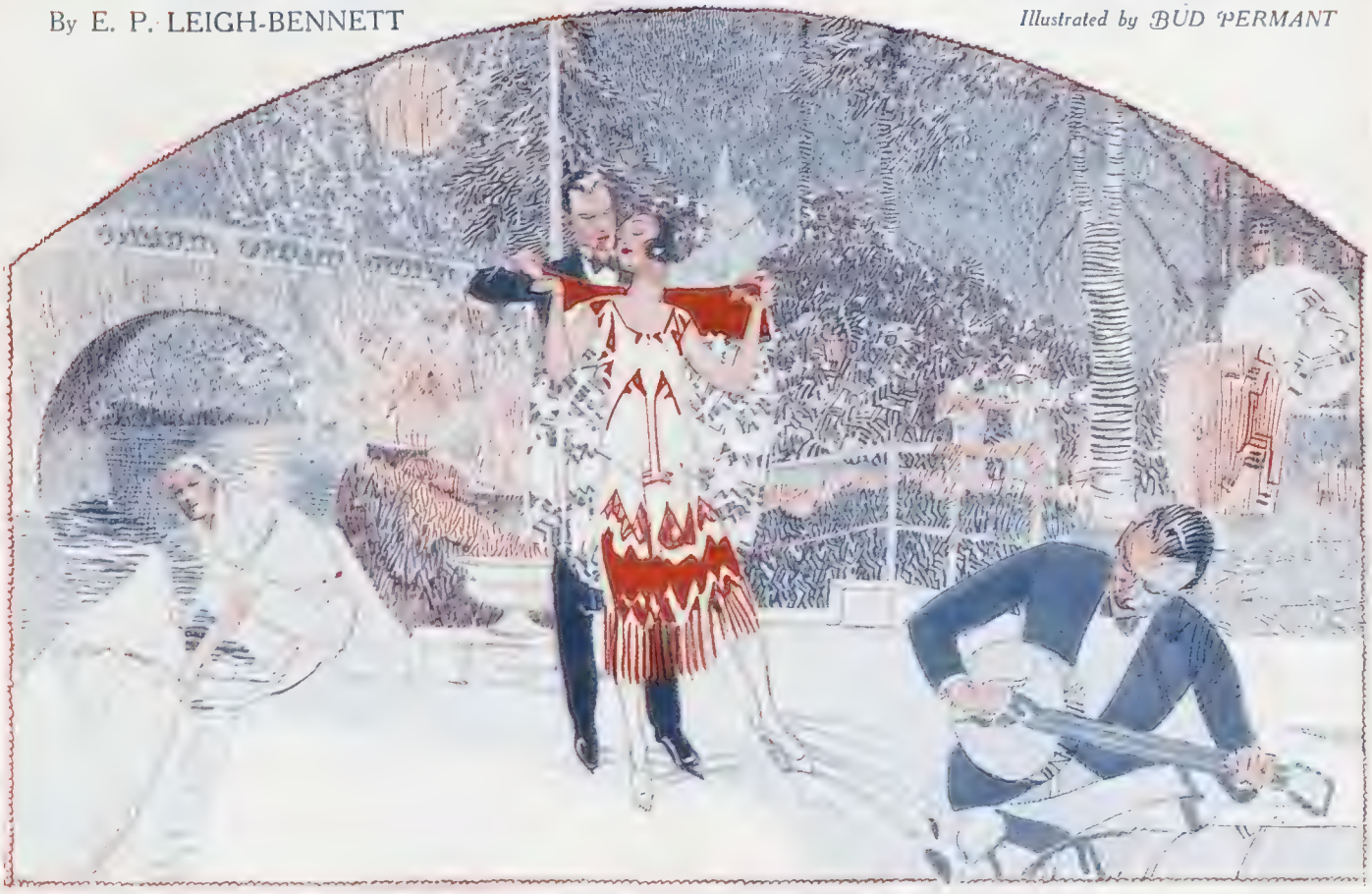
BY JACK HATFIELD

LIMPETS

# RIVER REFLECTIONS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

*Illustrated by BUD PERMANT*



"The river has its dangers, apart from drowning . . . . . the men are holding their own fairly well!"

THE river seems to have come into its own again. The small two-seater, of course, has done it, and the nippy side car. The Big Noises always have floated down the Bath Road somnolently on Sundays in their glittering petrol-palanquins, and will presumably continue so to do in the same way year after year, though in increasingly larger and more formidable cars, with red triangles on them—which spell riches.

There never ceases to be a slight thrill about "going on the river" for the man, because there is usually a Woman mixed up in the business somewhere. And a spirit of pleasurable conjecture usually envelops the woman in the case, because she never knows for certain what he, the Man, will do next during the passing of the perfect day, though her guessing is shrewd and fairly accurat on the subject.

If you watch, from the sanctuary of the bank, the constellation of craft outside, say, Boulter's Lock towards tea-time on Sunday, you are impressed with the beauty and peace of it all. The women look so bewitchingly self-possessed and gracefully lovely. The men are holding their own fairly well, too, in spite of the coming of the Oxford trouser. Nevertheless, a day on the river is not without drama very frequently. Never adventure a day on the river with the girl who really MEANS something to you unless you are a waterman, or can afford the splendid isolation and expense of a launch, steered by some hireling who sits for'ard with his back to you. There will always be something unforeseen cropping up of an unpleasant nature. It is either the heavy fishing punt with the damnably short, light pole (the lessor at the boat-house has described it as "a tidy little craft"—but he is the world's worst liar), or it is the hazardous "two-and-a-half footer" with a scaffold pole, full of splinters, which breed blasphemy. Or it is the dinghy you are inveigled into, because you like to see Her curled up on the red cushions on the floor. This bestial boat, however, swings round and round, and needs a great deal of exertion which produces very little progress. Or there is the skiff with the unwieldy sculls that get embarrassingly often in other people's way, and which brings catastrophe horribly near whenever you climb in or out. The river has its dangers, apart

"There is usually a Woman mixed up in the business somewhere"

(Continued on page 840)

SEA GIRLS TH

BY BLAM

E SUMMER SEES

"It is no fit place, is the gloom of Murray's balcony, for you, an impressionable man . . . . ."

from drowning—and yet they are serenely faced Sunday after Sunday by many thousands of brave women and fair men: this year seemingly more than ever before. We are a wonderful nation in our leisure moments, and very good to look upon withal.

Look at them last Sunday, and next, at a place like Maidenhead, which seems always to be the centre of river activity. They glide up and down in countless pairs and quartettes (I dislike the latter number intensely myself, so style-cramping) the very embodiment of complete tranquillity. The thing to do with the ass who brays about the grace and charm of Frenchwomen as compared with ours, is to lean him over the old grey stone bridge at Maidenhead and let him see for himself. You need not say anything. He will do all that. Here comes a typical example, in an electric canoe, saffron cushions against her jade green frock (*mais diable, mon vieux, tu as vu celle là?*). The shingled head, ripe corn just before the reaping, hatless under the Japanese sunshade; a white arm, slave-bangled, fingers provoking the water surface; the poise of her: the eyes of her (*mais, nom de Dieu, c'est vraiment parfait!*): the little lizard shoes: the sheen of the cream stocking (*Il faut absolument qu'on dine chez Murree—hein?*).

And, of course, that is where they all drift to eventually on the Sunday evening. You cannot reasonably expect a Frenchman, or any other man for that matter, to be content with the cold stonework of the old bridge which overlooks the River Club lawn, and to listen from afar off to the "chink" of the cocktail glass, and the subsequent lilt of the fox-trot from the "Ginx" quartette, as they call themselves, in this most seductive of river dance clubs.

It is a soft, soothing sort of a band. It goes extremely suitably with the cold salmon, duck, asparagus, and the iced cup. It does, in point of fact, draw the river man and maid irresistibly to the dance floor from punt, skiff, canoe, and all such insidious *caches*. It is a liberal education for any foreigner, and most unemotional Englishmen, to linger over the after-dinner cigar on the balcony of Murray's on a hot summer night, and watch the kaleidoscope of colour moving to and fro within under the little pink lamps; the big blotches of blackness outside turned to shades of grey by the splashes of light from the fairy lamps hanging in the ghostly trees.

You are in No Man's Land on the balcony of Murray's, if alone with a Frenchman after dinner, when dusk has fallen in layers over the sky. Inside is the throb and pulse of the melody ("P-i-c-ture *you* u-p-o-n my knee: tea for two, and t-w-o for tea . . .") with the white forms gliding by—in the arms of others—so terribly gracefully.

Outside are silhouetted dimly a figure or two—oh, such graceful figures, as they pass from boat to lawn, from lawn to boat—on the arms of others!

It is no fit place, is the gloom of Murray's balcony, for you, an impressionable man ("we will rear a famil-ee—a boy for you, a girl for me. . . ." sobs the saxophone), to chew discontentedly on a cigar stump in the company of a voluble Frenchman.

Only is it a fit place if and when . . . IF and WHEN . . . ("oh, can't you see how happy w-e should b-e-e?") . . . will nobody stop these Ginx fellers tormenting you? . . .

# Soft and "Balmy"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Intellectual Summer Holiday—as forecast by some of our zealous Seaside Improvements and Morality Associations

# Your unseen health eye

*Mother—*
*the health doctor*

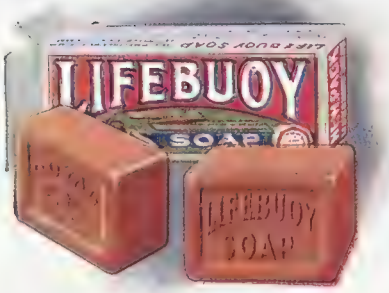
Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

*Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton*




Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH

L 301-B

OUR bodies were meant to be healthy, but we never understand what health means until disease robs us of it. A healthy body fights disease, but the danger of infection is always present. There comes a time when resistance weakens—when the children are "off colour," or you yourself get run down. Then the germs strike.

Science has given us an every-day protection—thorough cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap. A well-known health authority has said that if everyone cleansed the hands thoroughly two or three times a day, the danger of epidemics would be considerably lessened.

### You can't see germs

No one can see the germs of disease with the naked eye. Yet you touch things every day covered with them; you meet and talk with people every day who are very likely carrying the germ of some infectious disease. You can't see the microbes, but the deep and penetrating health element in Lifebuoy Soap is your health eye.

This Lifebuoy health element goes deep down in the pores of the skin, ridding them of all impurities. It is the every-day defence against disease and dirt.

### A clear duty

You owe it to yourself and all with whom you come in daily contact to protect yourself from disease. Mothers, the family health doctors, know all this. In the bathroom, at every wash-basin, they set a tablet of Lifebuoy to be used regularly by everybody—old and young. Their home cleaning is done with Lifebuoy, too.

Get the Lifebuoy health habit. Buy Lifebuoy in the *new pack*, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

# THROUGH HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES

## II.—LOW SPIRITS

By JAMES DYRENFORTH

*Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND*

I OBJECT very strongly to your lack of Prohibition in England. I object to the constant—except for a few hours daily—availability of public-houses, American bars, restaurants, etc., for drinking purposes. I think it is a positive outrage! Why, hang it, it has removed all temptation from me, and instead of spending all my time, energy, and cash on the pursuit of the elusive bottle, I've just lost interest and taken to knitting jumpers.

All the excitement, all the fun of drinking, is gone. To be able to get

"To make your grandmother take the first drink"

good liquor for a moderate price is all wrong. At home, spirits are high—so high that you generally have to mortgage your house, sell a bond, and pawn your mother's wedding ring to pay for a bottle "labelled" Scotch whisky. And when you get it you don't know whether it is good or bad till you've tried it and seen its effects. You don't know whether you are going to be blind for a few blissful hours or for the rest of your life. There's real excitement to that.

Here, when you want a drink, you merely go into the King's Head, or the Queen's Head, or the Saracen's Head, or the Boar's Head, and get it. There's nothing extraordinary about that. The gentleman or lady behind the bar speaks affably to you, and then dismisses you in favour of the next customer. You don't regard him, or her, as an exalted being. But how different it is in America! There, you go surreptitiously to the luxurious mansion of a bootlegger—whither you have been guided by a policeman—and then you have a real adventure. First, you are carefully inspected through peep-holes. If they are satisfied that you aren't a Government agent, you are admitted. In tones of trembling excitement you ask for a bottle of Scotch. You give your name and address, a reference from your clergyman, the name of your bank—which is promptly rung up by the bootlegger's third secretary and your credit ascertained—and then you are held in an iron grip by the first and second secretaries while *the bootlegger himself* goes through your pockets and takes all your money and valuables. *That* is the personal touch—and *what* a touch! Then you write a cheque for your entire bank balance, and swear to a statement that you will not have it stopped. And after that comes the personal touch again. The bootlegger himself hands you the bottle you wanted. And, having a heart of gold, he also presents you with two dozen boxes of matches and a neat metal plate, on which are engraved the words "Totally Blind." Far be it from *him* to keep you from earning the price of another bottle!

Reverently you say good-bye to him and leave his house—his magnificent house, which, along with everything else, you may never see again. There is a superman! Dazed by his glory, you start down the street. And then you are stopped by the minion of the Law who directed you before.

"You are allowed to hurry home"

"Wot's that bulgin' outa yer pocket?" he demands, fiercely.

"Mum-mum-mum-medicine," you reply, weakly, having forgotten the excuses you had planned in case of arrest. Then he forces you to unwrap it and open it.

"Now then, drink some of it!" he orders, with a horrible glare, having first smelled it to see if it really is liquor. After all, the policeman can't be sure that you haven't been fool enough to get some actual medicine. With a feeling of awful anxiety you obey him. You'd planned to make your grandmother take the first drink, because she's old and the consequences wouldn't matter so much. But orders are orders, and you drink.

Meanwhile the constable holds your arm much too tightly and continues to glare at you. You wonder what you'll say to the Judge. You know the evidence is all against you. There's an odour of whisky on your breath. The officer saw you take a drink from your own bottle. And during the eternal ten minutes that he detains you, you resign yourself to certain arrest and twenty years' hard labour. But no such luck! You aren't going to get off so lightly. For, satisfied that you aren't poisoned, the policeman takes the bottle and drinks half its contents himself, after which you are allowed to hurry home, hugging your precious, but much lighter, burden to your breast.

"The lady behind the bar speaks affably to you"

Excitement, suspense, adventure, and glamour are all crowded into an experience like that. And you people in England have none of it. Even during the afternoon, after three, when the public-houses are closed, you can always go home and have a drink without the thrill of knowing that someone in authority may choose that very moment to pounce on your house and search it for liquor.

Oh, it's awful! It's making a decent, peace-loving citizen of me, and I only hope to heaven that Pussyfoot Johnson or someone effects Prohibition in England before my transformation is complete. Otherwise, when I return to my homeland I shall be classed as a desirable alien and refused admittance.

# "Something For The Summer"

## A Fashion Forecast from Paris

By GEORGETTE LÉVÊQUE

*I. B.*

SUMMER AND CHIFFON

A pretty frock in mauve chiffon, designed by "Pami" to which an artistic floral design gives a gay note of summer

To Paris the "April-moon" brought a few deceptive weeks. From a threatening firmament the rain fell, sullen, throwing a gloom over the "Concours Hippique," drenching the newly-built walls and the dazzling pillars of the "Exposition des Arts Décoratifs," and thereby delaying the appearance in the streets of summer gowns, which are this year particularly smart and light.

But everything must come to an end, even the wicked moon, which went sagging and sagging, making room at last for the beautiful weather which now reigns. So that Paris is "a shimmer of sunshine," the same Paris which Elizabeth Browning saw, the same Paris which bears feathery trees and shoots forth its thousand fountains to the breeze, in the laughing sun of verdant parks. . . .

And now the summer fashions appear, seizing every opportunity to set off their new-born gracefulness, the freshness of their colours, the youthfulness of their shapes. *Trois-pièces* and light gowns, which were all ready to be admired in dressmaking *salons*, spring up at Longchamp, Auteuil, in the Bois de Boulogne, in all places where the fashions are followed, and more particularly in the open air; for a background of sunny foliage shows the gowns at their best.

Of the models that have been offered to the Parisian lady we know to-day she has selected the simplest, and, for the coming summer, has decidedly preserved the slenderness of her figure, its somewhat boyish appearance, which is so charmingly youthful. She would not hear of the slightest change in the line, and welcomed fullness only on condition it could be skilfully concealed. Undoubtedly, at the beginning of this year, dressmakers had formed a different opinion of the summer fashions, but how is it possible to deny women who have thought they have discovered the means to remain graceful and young for ever? . . .

*Henri Manuel*

THE CHARM OF BLACK & WHITE

A smart Marcie model in black and white ciré ribbon, trimmed with black coq's feathers

Therefore, summer gowns will be simple and sober; in one word, they will be *très sport*. This "sport" fashion will reign in the morning, in the delightful shapes of *burafyl* frock-coats, of costumes executed in soft woollen fabrics, natural coloured *kasha* sweaters over *kashaclan* skirts, straight gowns made of plain *drapella* and trimmed with *clans drapella*, or *pékin poplakasha* sweaters over plain skirts. These costumes will be most suitable for golf and tennis as well as for walking. They will apparently be tight, but, always, folds of every description will give the required fullness to the skirt for any kind of sport.

Most of these dresses will be white. Is there any prettier colour in the sun? Its brightness will be softened by some checkered effect of light blue or straw-colour: plaits, frills, and *biais* of bright hues, which so pleasantly bring out the neck and hem of a white gown.

For the same time of day linen will be a great success. Out of this material quite simple and plain gowns will be cut, trimmed only with a differently tinged *biais*. It is to be noticed that in most of these gowns the wide oval collar has been dispensed with, and that they are adorned either with a round collar, closely embracing the neck, and supplied with a small "Claudine" collar, or with a V-shaped neck coming down to a large *faille* bow.

In the afternoon shall we see gowns

AN ATTRACTIVE STRAW

A Blanche Robert model of pale green silk straw, trimmed with a darker shade of pleated ribbon and silk roses

*Model, Blanche Robert*

very different from those of the morning? The materials will undoubtedly vary. But the shapes will be preserved. Again, soft coats will appear over very short skirts, supplied with invisible folds, and sometimes, but very seldom, with flares.

As a rule, the quality of the materials and soberness of shapes will be the two characteristics of summer fashions. On the light materials, which are promised us for August, we shall find numberless flowers tinged with the most exquisite colours of the rainbow. We shall have gowns trimmed with garlands of roses, with huge poppies, with frail lilac. Others we shall see sprinkled with round specks of every size; we shall have cotton materials finer than the finest silks, *novecla, roumecla, cottécla fleuri, carré givrécla,* sown with sparkling threads which will draw fairy-like friezes on them.

In the evening, silk muslin, crepe de Chine and lace in filmy creations will triumph, whereas heavy satins and fabrics metallised with silver and gold will defend the case of the straight line. Gold we find everywhere, even during the day, for there are short coats of gilt skin, soft jackets of transparent gilt gauze, and shining belts which come, as it were, from Golconda treasures. But the soft hues so skilfully used by La Tour will be still greater summer favourites than gold.

We shall wear periwinkle-blue, pastel rose, orchis-mauve, a few gradations of green and yellow, without forgetting the red colours which the sun brings us back every year.

All these gay colours will be found on summer hats. You know full well that in Paris there is no real elegance when the different parts of a dress are not perfectly harmonised, as far as style and colouring are concerned. The colour of the shoes must be made to match that of the gown and hat, and even this colour must be found on the gloves.

Therefore, we shall wear hats tinged with periwinkle-blue and bright blue, light rose and orchis-mauve. With a frock-coat and even with a light gown, the small felt hat of which Paris is so fond nowadays will go on reaping success after success. This hat is, indeed, very small, very narrow, and very tight; sometimes the brim is upturned, and it looks like a pretty "toque" through which a round brooch is pinned; sometimes it is made of mingled felt and straw; it is thus lighter and of more convenient wear in hot weather. But when it is stifling, shan't we have capelines? The bright sun will shine upon these broad-brimmed hats, made either of straw or of grooved taffeta, of the most exquisite shades, and they will be so convenient in the warm light. . .

*Photographs Henri Manuel*

AN IDEA FOR ASCOT

A distinctively attractive frock of blue taffeta, trimmed with white embroidered organdi

*Model, Soué Sœurs*

SOUPER-DANSANT SIMPLICITY

A simple evening frock in sky-blue lamé, with white georgette side panels and clusters of silk flower trimmings down the front

*Model, Soué Sœurs*

THE MAN IN THE MOON

*BY FLEMING WILLIAMS*

# A Queer Encounter

By A. J. TALBOT

*Illustrated by*
*WARWICK REYNOLDS*

WILKINS likes a corner seat with his back to the engine, and on the off-side of the train. In a compartment the other day he found that this place was monopolised by the feet of the solitary occupant of the carriage who was dozing in the opposite corner. Wilkins was therefore under the necessity of moving the stranger's legs. Then, as a believer in fresh air, he opened the window to its full extent.

The stranger stirred uneasily. He was a very large man. His head was small for his bulk and, perhaps on account of his sprawling attitude, seemed not to be centrally placed on his shoulders.

As the train gathered momentum, a brisk current of air, laden with coal-dust and particles of cinders, fanned the fellow's face so that soon he awoke.

Behind his journal Wilkins heard the window being noisily pulled up; then a large hairy hand tore down the newspaper screen, and Wilkins found the stranger leaning towards him and fixing him with his eye.

"I don't suppose you know who I am?" the stranger asked. "No? Well, I'll tell you. I am, or was until quite recently, the celebrated Four-Headed Man, of whom you must have heard."

Wilkins hadn't heard. But the gleam in the stranger's stone-grey eyes made him assent with a show of conviction.

"Yes," he continued, "there were four of us. Four wise heads on a young pair of shoulders they used to say in our village. John and James were placed inside-right and inside-left, respectively. Albert was on the left shoulder and I, Cyril, in military parlance, was the right marker.

"People cherish wrong notions about a Four-Headed Man. He is looked upon as a unit or as an individual. They would only give us one vote, little caring that we four heads were of widely different temperaments, and in reality too ill-assorted to share amicably a common destiny.

"Each of us heads had a share in the control of our one set of limbs. When we were a boy, if I wanted to play with my catapult I could only do so by the acquiescence and non-interference of the other heads, John, James, and Albert. Or if we had some sweets when these three had put me into Coventry, they could unite to obtain complete control of the arms so that they would share all the bulls-eyes between them, and I would get none.

"I remember that when we were young and sometimes on good terms, we used to play a sort of Coué game with two heads on each side, one side willing the hands to be clasped and the other that the hands should remain in our pockets.

"This divided control led to friction. Often when we were walking quietly to school, the inside heads hearing each other their irregular verbs, and myself memorising some stanzas, Albert—who was dull and had to spend his schooldays completely out of his depth in our form—would profit by our preoccupation to obtain full mastery over the legs and lead us away to play truant.

"We other three heads shaved in rotation"

"As we grew to be a man, we acquired divergent political views which made life still more complicated. John and James embraced different creeds of the Liberal faith; Albert stood for stark communism; and my colour was blue. Many a night I have sighed for sleep while the Liberals reasoned with each other under a lava stream of abuse from Albert at our left shoulder.

"Altogether, I think we should have been a happier fellow without Albert. John and James, I admit, could be very trying—after the Liberal frequent splits they never spoke at all—but they *did* have tractable intervals. But with Albert, whatever we did, we seemed to be grinding his face. Because he wore a beard he deemed it a tyranny that he should have to look on while we

other three heads shaved in rotation each morning. And often, when it was my turn to have complete control of the hands for this operation he would display his special spite against me by sending a sudden, angry nerve-impulse down the arms so that I snicked myself. That was very unpleasant.

"He was an obstructionist. All of us—except Albert—resented the idea of earning our living as a freak, so we practised up some glees and obtained a splendid vaudeville engagement as The-One-Man-Male-Voice-Choir. Albert refused to co-operate until we let him have the pitch-pipe to give the note in 'Hail, Smiling Morn.' He knew nothing of music, but he demanded the right to set the time. He was tone-deaf, but he *would* sing the solos, until one night during our rendering of 'Sweet and Low' the audience rose. . . .

"The end came at the last election. As I have said, we had only one vote between us. We had agreed not to vote at all, and on the polling day, to occupy their thoughts, I was reading aloud to the other heads from some innocuous book, when I looked up and found that we were walking in the street towards the booth. Then followed a terrific struggle for command of our legs. Either it was that Albert's will had the inhuman strength of a mad frenzy or else one of the Liberal heads must have gone to his aid, for the non-voting impulse—even now that I was come to the rescue—was almost overpowered, and our legs were pacing hard with the maximum of energy combined with the minimum of progress, like marking time. People cried out that the Four-Headed Man was inebriated, and a policeman was already looming in the middle-distance when, with a lurch and a grotesque shuffle, we suddenly stepped off the curb under an oncoming bus.

"The wheel caught our neck, sparing me only. John, James and Albert are no more. I am now a complete individual—these limbs are mine, not ours. Let me illustrate what this means. Sometimes at school when I had become involved in a fight I would find that John and James were lukewarm or neutral, while Albert as likely as not would sympathise actively with my opponent by checking our arms, so that the other boy could punish me almost as he liked. But now——"

The stranger paused, his eyes glistening.

"And now?" queried Wilkins, as the train pulled in at a station.

"And now," was the reply, "I'm only waiting till the train moves on again and then, for the first time in my life, I'm going to pull somebody's nose as hard as *I* like without having to consult John, James, and Albert."

"I get out here," said Wilkins, leaving his umbrella behind him.

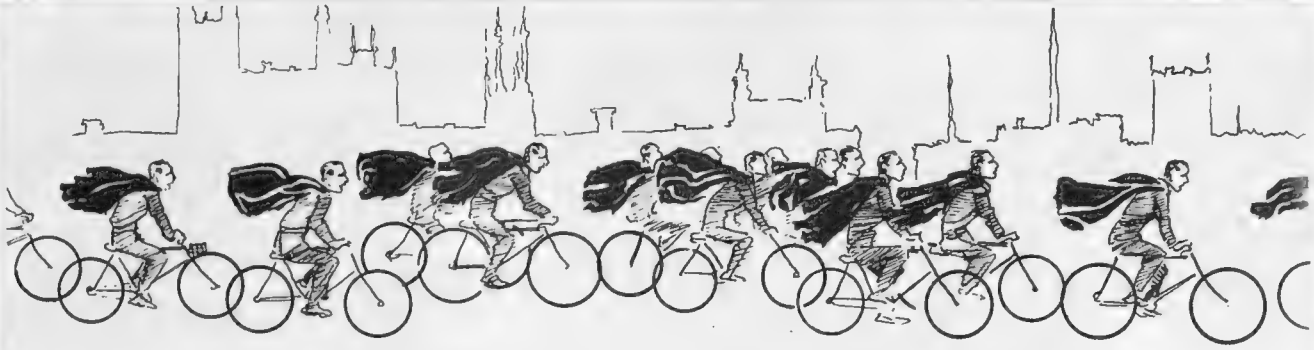
A. J. T.

*Stage Photo Co.*

"WHAT WILL TED DO?"

Miss Madeleine Seymour, Miss Jane Welsh and Miss Haidée Wright in a tense moment in "Ordeal" at the Strand Theatre. The question of what Ted, the steward (Lyn Harding), will do next provides the greater part of the plot of this unusual play.

# "Mays"



Not this week is the hurried flight to lectures

The midnight electricity is also much curtailed

Old blues and blues quite youthful tread the ancient stones

And sheds its brightness instead on syncopated air

And every Cambridge daisy smiles anew

River Gods - and Godesses decorate the tranquil backs

And incidentally much excitement prevails at Ditton's Corner, where bumps are expected

BY LAURIE TAYLER

Some Impressions on the Cam, of Cambridge in bumping mood as it appears to-day, in this merry May week of June

# Summer Song

By A. A. Thomson

THE fairies made our summer in their own efficient way,
A summer like a golden girl, attired in colours gay. . . .

A SKY of blue reflected in the ripple of a stream,
Where sunlight, deftly dancing, sets its eddies all agleam,
A gentle sunlight (mark you) quite devoid of tropic glare,
A sunlight that caresses with a mother's kindly care.

A BREEZE all soft and southerly that sets the grass aquiver,
Where the cowslips on the meadow-slopes stand, swaying t'ward the river;
A breeze of friendly fellowship that never hails nor hardens,
But bears a thousand lovely scents from lovely English gardens.

THERE is sunlight in those gardens as the old sundial shows;
It shines alike on gillyflower and lavender and rose;
On lupin and on peony and hollyhock so tall,
And lingers with the peach-tree on its crumbling red-brick wall.

OH, the merry English summer in the sunny woodland glade,
Where the dappled fawn goes darting by beneath the dappled shade;
Oh, the glory of the chestnuts with their blossoms pink and white,
Like a million flaming candles which the sun has set alight.

A SOUND of children's laughter as they tumble in the hay,
With rain and fog and gloominess a thousand miles away;
A soul-delighting symphony of ball well met by bat . . .
Sing, ho, for England's summer! . . . The fairies made all that.

YES, the fairies made our summer in its green and golden glory,
*But . . . where they hid the blessed thing is quite another story!*

BORDER BY C. AMBLER

# This Year's Solar "Eclipse"

BY HOBO BROS.

Some reflections on a Painful Subject, which, like the poor, is unfortunately always with us

# PARISIANA

By "René"

*Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"Meticulously comparing the size of the types"

MES AMIS—

ANDRÉ BIRABEAU is the author *à la mode*, so that all he needs to present is something ordinarily good, and it is ranked with the best. That is the great advantage about being fashionable, but there is the disadvantage that you can't be fashionable all of the time—generally, it is not even for long. Birabeau, therefore, is well advised to write fast and often while the sun shines. When it rains on an author in Paris, it pours. Crommelynck, *par exemple*, has got very wet lately.

BIRABEAU obviously revels in the sunshine. He calls his new piece *Un Déjeuner de Soleil*, though many another title would do just as well, and it is as charming as a nice caressing sort of sun in a perfect blue sky. But even if it were altogether lacking in charm, M. Birabeau would be deserving of a generous slab of gratitude, for he has introduced Paris to a new Spinelly, an altogether unsuspected Spinelly, and that is a gift for which Paris could not fail to be *reconnaissante*.

THE old Spinelly—I mean the Spinelly we were used to, no indelicate allusion to age—was always sure of a conquest, for she is one of the capital's idols, but she was always near the brink of over-emphasis; the sprightliness, the *verve*, and the felinity, without quite becoming too Spinellyish, always came close to that risk. Not many among her admiring audiences would have believed her capable of restraining herself—probably they did not wish her to. Yet, thanks to André Birabeau, we have acquaintance with a subdued Spinelly, a Spi. who has revealed that she possesses as much command of self-suppression as any mistress of the Comédie-Française repertoire. Disciplined and simplified, she assumes rank as a new *étoille*, rivalling the *grandes comédiennes*. It is a great discovery.

"Was assailed by one of those demoiselles"

THIS is the principal thing about *Un Déjeuner de Soleil*, which otherwise is just inverted romanticism—you think it is going to be cynical, and then M. Birabeau takes you from the other flank. He shows you how the proprietors of a new hotel-palace find it profitable to tell people who are prepared to pay for rooms that the place is already full, although the elegant people filling it are "deadheads" engaged by the management, the idea being that it will be "stamped," to the permanent satisfaction of *snobisme* (most remunerative) as a place that one can only get into by wealth or wangling—intimate relations at *plages de luxe*. Both the heroine (Spinelly) and the hero (M. Debucourt) are among the "deadheads," so you would scarcely expect them to be influenced by romance, but M. Birabeau infects them very skilfully.

SPINELLY, having lost a rich lover, is looking for another, and persuades the hesitant and penniless one to pose as the successor, this being, according to established rules, the most effective way of rallying many more. By the time the wealthy old victim materialises, they have become so fond of one another that it is real affection which makes them willing to part in order not to impede one another.

THUS, a full measure of the topical cynicism. But M. Birabeau cuts across the beaten track by making the supposed victim an old rogue, who bolts with the lady's accumulated capital, leaving her ruined. Handicaps removed, romance obtains its chance and seizes it. In sounding praise of the new Spinelly, one must not forget to say that M. Debucourt acts very nearly as well; he also has

(*Continued on page 854*)

# Gibbs wins in a canter

## First Past the Post

GIBBS! GIBBS! The favourite passes the judge's box to win in a canter. He finishes fresh and full of running. You will always spot the winner if you invest your money on

*No. 3 of a series by the famous French Animal Caricaturist, R. de la Nézière*

## Gibbs Dentifrice & Gibbs COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

Large Size, 1/- De Luxe, 1/6
Refills for above, 11d
Popular Size, 7½d. Tubes, 6d. & 1/-

Shaving Stick in Nickel Holder Case - 1/3
Refills for above - - 1/-

In Enamelled Cases 7½d. & 1/-
Also in Bowls and Tins - - - - 1/6

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 35 AM), COLD CREAM SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.1.

established his rank. Let us hope he will be content with it and not torture himself with doubts as is the case with some who have the fear that their names must be printed in a certain size of type, or otherwise the public will think they are smaller beer. There was a laughable case of this recently, furnished by a couple of actors who were rather jealous of one another. The arrangement was that one should be top of the bill and the other at the bottom, but both names in the same type.

THE man at the bottom went to the manager and complained that his type was an inch less than that of his rival, and, to convince him that this was an optical illusion, the manager had to procure a foot-rule and measure the letters, there and then. Reassured of his rank, he had hardly got out before the head-liner came in and the manager told him the story as a good joke, adding, maliciously, "The quaintest thing about it is that his type is an inch deeper than yours." Inventing an excuse, the manager slipped out, then returned quietly. He found the top-liner armed with the foot-rule, meticulously comparing the size of the types.

THERE was a Paris postmaster who used to be popular with the ladies, but he is popular no longer. This merely because a notice has been posted, announcing "Loitering before this door (a glass-topped door) is forbidden." One had often wondered why it was possible to see so many attractive faces through this particular door, a vision to compare with the lounges of many of the hotels-palaces.

"Barry Barnard, the official dancer-in-chief"

"Some novice remarked to the hostess"

Now the secret is out. It was the look-out post for ladies who had friends among the *habitués* of the Senate. Presumably a gallant Senator, leaving the House tranquilly, was assailed by one of these *démoiselles*, in a state of irascibility because he had failed to keep an appointment. And the Department of Posts and Telegraphs has been called upon to provide protection by abolishing the hiding-place.

SOME of our parliamentarians are really extravagantly bold in their gallantry, and they are scarcely entitled to wail when they overreach themselves. One of them became so confident that his home-keeping spouse would never hear of the audacious way in which he paraded his lady friend—the conspiracy of silence in her presence being so complete—that when he was challenged to a wager that he dare not install a likeness of the *amie* in the official abode, he accepted as "a sure thing." It must be allowed that he went about the affair rather adroitly. He had a bust made, capped with a Phrygian bonnet, so that he was able to present it as a bust of Matianne, the figurehead of the Republic. And he was about to claim his bet, when at one of his wife's *jours de réception* some novice remarked to the hostess, "I did not know Mlle. So-and-So was such a great friend of yours that you would display her bust in your *salon*." And now there will be extra work for a judge.

THE Paris "Trap" of the I.B.F.'s has lost its official dancer-in-chief by the departure of Barry Barnard for Canadian and American stages, so there is a vacancy for a copiously remunerated post, the remuneration being reparations in kind—kind and inspiriting. If you do not know what the I.B.F.'s are you can inquire from any of the leading music-hall brilliants of London; they all seem to be on the membership roll. Barry's parting was liquidated adequately, but the "Trap" will be less merry without his buoyant buzz. We shall meet and we shall miss him, but we shall meet—for sorrows must be drowned. *C'est le seul moyen.* RENÉ

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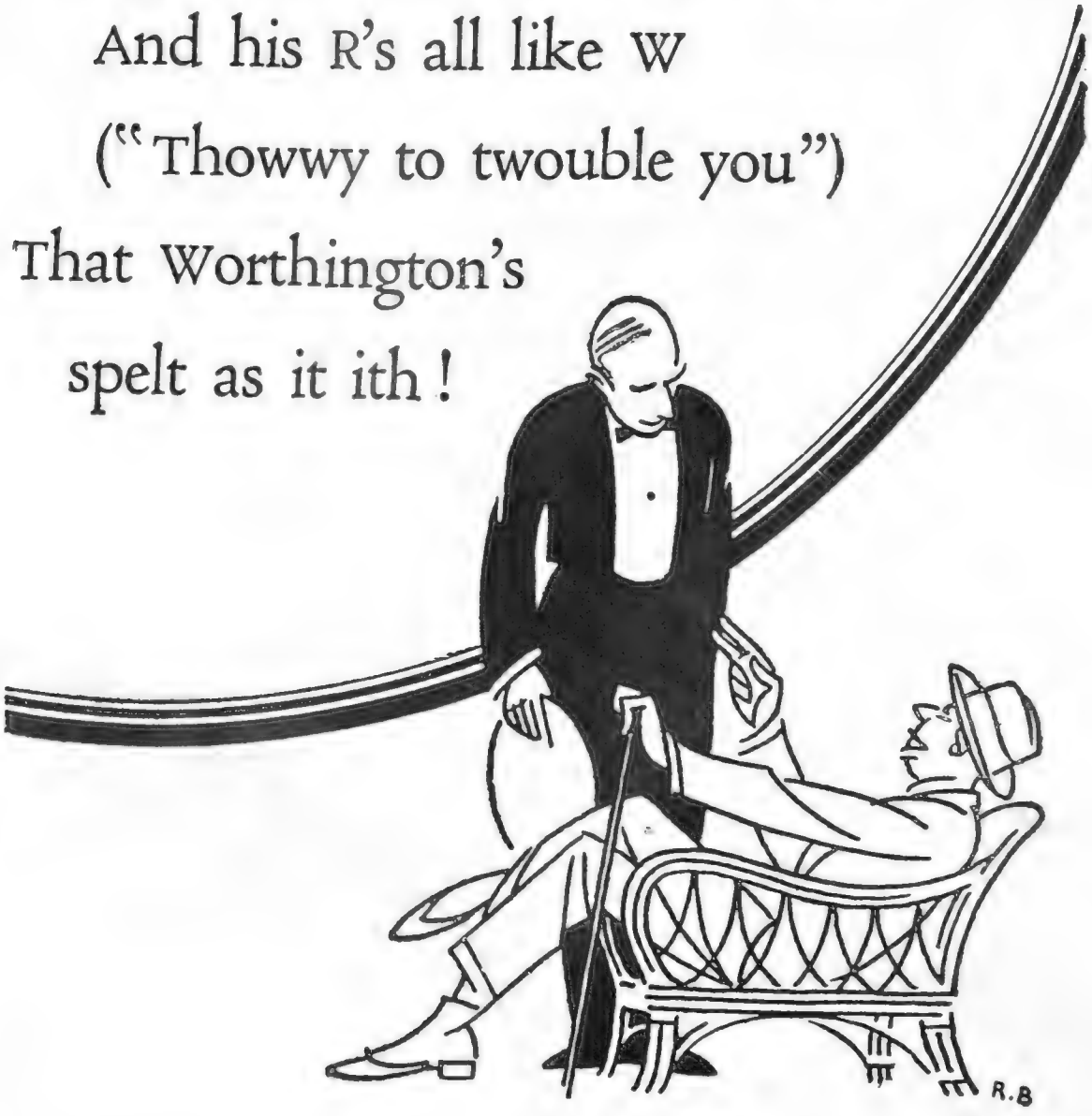
The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

# Worthington Limericks

*No. 7. We're "thowwy to twouble you" with this Limerick, but it had to be done, to illustrate how easy it is for* anyone *to call for a WORTHINGTON.*

It is lucky for Jimmy J. Smith,
Who pronounces his S's like *thith*
And his R's all like W
("Thowwy to twouble you")
That Worthington's
spelt as it ith!



THE "SLACK" SEASON

By J. A. Leale

She: (*meaningly*) "Dreadfully enervating place this, isn't it?"
He: (*sleepily*) "Awf'l . . . saw dog . . . chasing cat 'smornin' . . . both walkin' . . ."

# "THOU SHALT NOT—"

By HARTLEY CARRICK

CHARACTERS

John Vernon.
Mrs. Vernon (*John's wife*).
Yvonne Sinclair.
Dinah Vernon (*John's daughter*).
Ronald Truefitt.
Smith (*an office boy*).
Traylor (*a private detective*).

(*The scene takes place in John Vernon's offices in the City. Time, 5 p.m.*)

*When the curtain rises John Vernon, a man about 35, good looking, is seated at his office table with his head in his hands in utter dejection. Enter, directly, his office boy.*)

Boy: Mr. Traylor to see you, sir.

Vernon: Ah, good. Show him in, Smith.

Boy: Very good, sir. (*Exit. Vernon rises and crosses down stage. Enter Traylor briskly.*)

Traylor: Well, Mr. Vernon, I've found her. It took me a week to do it, sir, but I've found her. (*Rubs hands.*)

Vernon: Traylor, that's splendid news. Where is she?

Traylor: Here, sir. She didn't want to come, but I persuaded her.

Vernon: Here! Good Heavens! Traylor, you've done splendidly. Send me along your account at once, and I won't forget you. (*Aside.*) Yvonne! Here!

Traylor: Thank you, sir. (*Goes to exit.*)

Vernon: And, Traylor, as you go out, tell Smith to show her in.

Traylor: Certainly, sir, good morning. (*Exit.*) (*Vernon stands nervously putting his tie straight.*)

Vernon: At last! (*Enter Yvonne, a very pretty girl about 20, dressed smartly, but very quietly.*) Yvonne! Where have you been? Why have you kept away when you knew how much I wanted to see you? Why didn't you answer my last letter?

Yvonne: Mr. Vernon, I don't quite know how to answer you. I do appreciate your offer very much, but——

Vernon: But what? Yvonne! You know how much I want you?

Yvonne: Yes, I do know. But all my life I've been a town girl. I love gaiety, excitement, all that makes life, and if I say "Yes" to you, it would mean being cooped up in the country. And you know I'm not cut out for a country mouse.

Vernon: But that needn't worry you. It's you I want. Oh, I shan't expect too much. If you want to go shopping or to a theatre, you can go whenever you like. You'll always have the car. You can trust me, can't you?

Yvonne: Of course I can. Mrs. Cholmondeleys told me you never break your word.

Vernon: It was there I first saw you at that dinner. I shall never forget that dinner, Yvonne!

Yvonne: I don't know what to say to you.

Vernon: But, Yvonne, I want you so. I swear if you come to me just as you are you'll never regret it, never. No one else can look after you or give you such a home. Oh, it would be Heaven. (*Yvonne sighs and looks away.*)

Vernon (*suspiciously*): Yvonne, you're not trifling with me. You're not engaged, are you? Tell me, is there anyone else?

Yvonne: You ve no right to ask me that. But, well, there is someone, but there's nothing settled — nothing definite.

(*Continued on page 850*).

Willing to give always, the mother can only give well, give lavishly, when she has power to give. Which is energy to give . . . . .

Horlick's Malted Milk—the best of wheat and malted barley combined with fresh dairy milk—is an invaluable addition to the nursing mother's diet. Where baby is bottle-fed, Horlick's is wonderful for both.

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THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

MADE IN ENGLAND

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water**

At all chemists, in four sizes 2/-, 3/6, 8/6, and 15/-
The tablets also in flasks, 7½d. and 1/3d.
A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded, post free, for 3d. in stamps

**Served in restaurants and cafés of standing**

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS

# White Sails this Whitsuntide:

*Photopress*

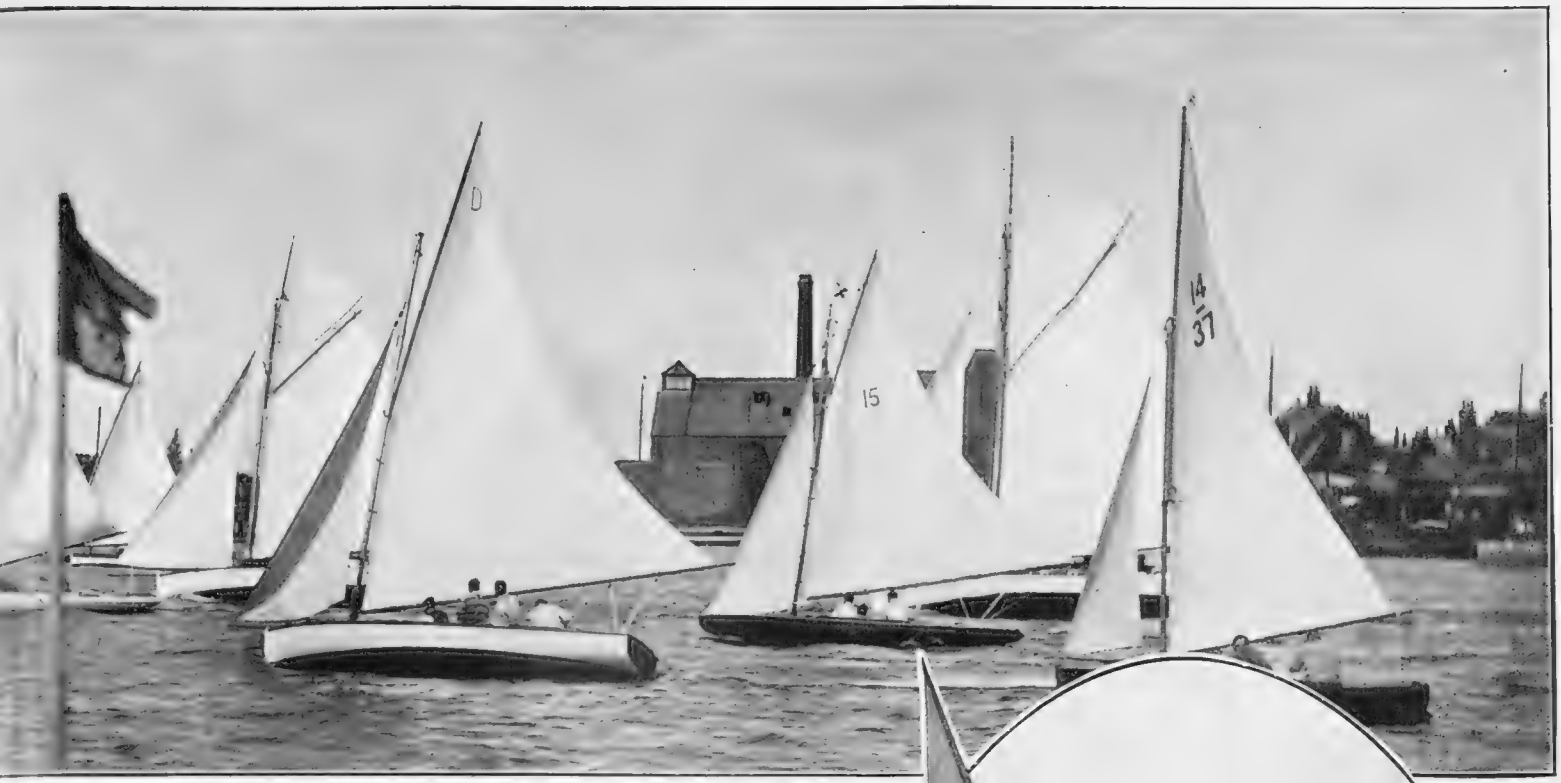
"WHITE HEATHER" TAKES THE WIND

Lord Waring's cutter under full sail during the Royal Harwich Yacht Club's races at Harwich

THE ALL-COMERS' RACE. A GOOD VIEW OF THE START DURING

UNDER THE ISLAND

The start for the Solent Sunbeam race at the opening of the International and Solent very good sailing weather for their



*Sport and General*

WHIT-MONDAY RACES ON OULTON BROAD, NEAR LOWESTOFT

# Some Snapshots in Good Sailing Weather

*G. P. U.*

**SAILING CLUB BURGEE**

Sailing classes season at Cowes. The Island Sailing Club were fortunate in having opening meeting of the Season

*Topical*

**THREE MEN IN A BOAT**

"Scamp" being hauled to windward in the Class "B" event during the Upper Thames Sailing Club races at Bourne End

VERNON: Who is he? What's his name?

YVONNE (*in a low voice and looking away*): Ronald Truefitt.

VERNON: That man! Why it's impossible. You can't know his reputation. Oh, it's too horrible.

YVONNE: He followed me here, just now. He's waiting downstairs. And I don't know. You see, he wants my answer. (*Enter Boy.*)

BOY: Mr. Ronald Truefitt to see you, sir.

VERNON: Say I'm——(*changing his mind*). Very good, Smith, show him up.

BOY: Yes, sir. (*Exit*).

YVONNE: Oh, what shall I do!

VERNON: I'll deal with Truefitt (*pointing to curtains*). Behind there, Yvonne, quick!

YVONNE: You won't quarrel, will you?

VERNON (*urging her to door*): Quick, I tell you. (*Exit Yvonne. Vernon takes a revolver from drawer and puts it in his pocket. Enter Boy and Truefitt.*)

BOY: Mr. Ronald Truefitt (*exit*).

VERNON: May I ask why I'm so honoured?

TRUEFITT: I think you know, Mr. Vernon. Miss Yvonne Sinclair is in your rooms.

VERNON: And what of that, Mr. Truefitt?

TRUEFITT: What of it! You hound! Don't you think I know all about you, you treacherous swine! You've stolen her from me!

VERNON: Do you mean to tell me Miss Sinclair is engaged to you?

TRUEFITT: She was—almost, until you came along. But I tell you I mean to have her. Where is she?

VERNON: I've stood enough from you. Get out, and get out quick!

TRUEFITT: Not till I've seen her. Where is she? (*sees curtain opening*). Ah! (*advances to curtains*).

VERNON: No. you don't. (*Truefitt turns to strike him*) Ah, would you? (*takes revolver from pocket*) Hands up, you brute, or by all the powers I'll blow your brains out. (*Truefitt puts up his hands.*) Now then bundle out, and if you pester Yvonne Sinclair again, may God help you. (*He backs Truefitt to the door.*) Out, you dammed spot. (*Exit Truefitt.*)

VERNON: Yvonne! (*Enter Yvonne.*)

YVONNE: Oh, how you frightened me. But how brave you are!

VERNON: Yvonne, I've got to have you, I'll take no denial, no more refusals.

YVONNE: When do you want me?

VERNON: Now at once.

YVONNE (*looking at him*): And do you think for one single moment that I would enter your home while Marian is still there. Oh, I know all about it.

(*Vernon appears staggered and puts his hand to his eyes.*)

VERNON (*after a pause*): Do you insist, Yvonne?

YVONNE: Absolutely!

VERNON (*with an effort*): Then there's no more to be said. Very well, I agree.

YVONNE: When will you do this?

VERNON: As soon as I get back!

YVONNE: Then my answer to your question is "yes." Come for me when you will.

VERNON: On your word of honour, promise?

YVONNE: I promise.

VERNON: Yvonne! (*The door suddenly opens and in comes Dinah Vernon, a young girl, who runs up to Vernon.*)

DINAH: Oh, she's left the house. Marian's gone and Mother's outside in the motor.

VERNON (*to Dinah*): I've something to tell you, dear. I thought to break it gently to you, but since your mother is here we may as well out with it. (*Whispers to her.*)

DINAH (*screaming*): Oh, mother, mother. (*Enter Mrs. Vernon.*) Oh, do you remember Yvonne who stayed with the Cholmondeleys a whole year, well, she's coming to cook for us!!!

CURTAIN.

A STROKE OF GENIUS

By Wilson Fenning

"John, I don't believe you're rowing the right way."
"I know, dear, but it will be all right coming back"

# LAST BUT NOT LEAST!

*Copyright J. C. ENO Ltd.*

*Photo by Yevonde*

The men who ransack luggage at Continental ports, where English-speaking people arrive, know the bottle of ENO's "Fruit Salt" quite well. They often find it. Native servants in India and the "boys" who do the housework in East and West Africa also know it. So do maids in British hotels, universally. It's a British trait. Any change of climate, great or small, is apt to throw the inner system out of humour and out of tune, and the Handy Size bottle was made for those who think it best when away to have ENO handy.

# Now Women Are Allowed—

## By Blanchette

*Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Indignation on the part of the best mayors"

LONDON, *June* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

IT would appear that at last we have reformed, such of us as belong to the Weaker or Stronger Sex, that is—you pays your money, as the ancient motto puts it, and you takes your choice. At any rate the once prevalent and more or less wholesale accusation of Woman as the Root of all Evil seems to be, for the moment at least, rather at a discount.

VALUES, unless my eyes and ears and all the other senses combine to deceive me, are being revised, as they say. Actually women nowadays sometimes get even a word of commendation and praise. Woman has done well, says one doctor man, to cast aside the maximum of flannel and clasp to her bosom (and elsewhere), the minimum of silk. Short skirts and low necks are all to the good. We get more light and air, *ergo* youth, beauty and health, and the woman of forty now looks twenty at the most.... To all of which the meet and appropriate reply is, methinks, loud cheers.

ALSO, says yet another doctor, going yet further, women have had the sense to cut the necks of their dresses low, to shorten their skirts and to wear stockings of artificial silk which lets the ultra-violet rays pass through. So, getting more ultra-violet rays than men, they're going to be even more healthy, obviously, in the future. Isn't it just marvellous and delightful?

ALMOST wondered, I mean, some of us, hadn't we (ancient and horrible Puritan tradition having so obstinately survived) if we could possibly be doing altogether and entirely right in being so utterly and completely comfortable and nice in our modern clothes—and it's *so* comforting, isn't it, to find that the best medical authorities are on your side, even if somehow perhaps you wouldn't have made much of a change anyway? Not to mention a perfectly good vicar also, who says it's simply fearfully foolish to tax silk stockings, though not quite sure whether certain bright colours thereof aren't deserving of a kind of customs or anti-customs duty—and can't help rather agreeing with him *there*.

A NEW lease of life ahead for women anyway, it seems to be agreed, and that's at least *something* to be thankful for, what? Seeing as how, according to some of them, that is, we ought to be poleaxed right away, all of us, and thus help the world on to better and brighter things, I don't think. Certainly according to Mr. Noel Coward, if you happen to have acquired his philosophy as presented to the public in *Fallen Angels*, or, for the matter of that, if you should by any chance have visited in any sort of reflective mood Mr. Freddy Lonsdale's little effort at the St. Martin's, *Spring Cleaning* by name.

"The Tournament"

WHICH last is, of course, so comparatively antique and well known that there's not a single word to be said about it in the ordinary way—but as Mary Clare has just come in to take (quite perfectly) the part of the street lady, I really would rather exhort you, dear cousin, to have just a glance at this aforesaid show when next you come to Town, just to see how a real modern play *can* be done, and all sorts of thin ice skated over, and yet a proper bit of British drammer put before the British pub., and with a happy ending and all!

WAS rather impressed, by the way, at second visit, to tell the truth, by the fact that this sort of human interest affair is the kind of thing we stolid Britons are always in the secret recesses of our hearts still most inclined to—not the merely clever things like Mr. Coward's *Fallen Angels*, that, he confesses himself, he only tried on us as an English version of a thoroughly and naughtily French farce—and wondered how we'd take it. Yet another play, by the way, called *Hay Fever* being

(Continued on page 864)

*photograph by*
*OLIVE HARDEN*
*CROUCH END, N.*

# THE splendid health and rosy cheeks possessed by this dainty little maiden won for her the first prize in the "Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition for children.

Her mother ascribes her perfect health as being greatly due to "Ovaltine" being her daily food beverage.

The healthy development of a child's mental and physical powers depends upon the nutriment obtained from food. The ordinary dietary falls short of the requirements of a growing child. That is why "Ovaltine" is an indispensable addition to a child's daily food.

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**A. WANDER, Ltd., London, S.W.7.**

*Works: King's Langley.*

P.325

## 'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

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## 'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Children—and adults too—will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing food sweet

*Prices, 8d. & 1/3 per packet.*

produced to-night as ever is by this bright and brilliant young man, of the bright and brilliant jumpers.

卐

RATHER British on the whole, aren't we, and rather proud of it too, and quite rightly, what? As, for instance, we hate eternally and immutably Mr. Epstein (however much we may pretend otherwise), and immutably and eternally adore Mr. Leslie Henson. Who in this very latest inspiration of his, *Tell Me More*, at the Winter Garden, is even more emphatically and inspiredly and delightfully himself than ever yet before in any other of his previous triumphant successes, as they put it in the leaflets and small bills.

卐

ALWAYS and all through he's "the life and death of the party," as someone remarks in the course of this bright and sparkling and joyfully ingenuous show. And rather nice to hear him humming, when caught rather early in the morning after the night before, about how—

I've got those
Where-the-hell-are-the-aspirin-tablets
Blues.

"Cut their dresses lower"

卐

BUT plays, some people say, are in a bad, sad way, and there's reported to be a conference of managers coming on quite soon to see what's to be done about it, so's to stop the present influx into our drama of what they call cocktail Connies and cocaine Carries, and all the rest of it. But don't somehow altogether entirely and implicitly believe them, I must confess, whatever they say about not being able to get the really right thing however hard they try. People get the plays they deserve just as they acquire the governments they've earned, and that is that.

SIMPLY heaps and lots of kind advice we seem to be being favoured with these days, by the way. Here's the Gloomy Dean, *par exemple*, telling us shamelessly and openly that we ought to be taking a lot more fresh air, and in our birthday suits, too, or thereabouts. Which, needless to say, has caused intense and virtuous indignation on the parts of all the best Mayors on all the best coast resorts—not to mention the celebrated Councillor Donald Clark, who rather pathetically remarks that owing to this "crime" he'll have to set forth on his travels once more all round the coast—and no doubt, in due or undue course, tell us *all* about it. Oh, hell-p!

REALLY right in the thick of it we are now, what with Parliament meeting again to-morrow, and the Richmond Show on Thursday, and Ascot next week. With, of course, all the frocks and smart parasols appertaining thereto—and, by the way, hear from Paris that they're trying to plant yet another fashion change on us, with higher waists and skirts wider and longer. Which, of course, is but one more device of the dressmaker people to make us go off the deep end in the way of new frocks. And, I suppose, they'll win in the end, too, bless their eyes, as they always do. Must say I do most

*Continued on page 865*

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

River Dues

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

TRUTH is a naked lady, but paradoxically, although there may be more nakedness in the world—actually and figuratively—the cynic may be permitted to doubt the increased popularity of Truth.

While, for example, woman is truthful in her physical self-revelation—her legs are no longer a mystery, and her body a thing to be cuirassed and concealed the veils of her psychology are still drawn as closely as in the day when her form was hidden beneath the false chignon, the bustle, the false bust, the innumerable petticoats, and the ineffable pantalettes.

But in another important department of life the naked lady has come to her kingdom, bearing material gifts.

Truth in advertising brings its own reward.

To indulge in vulgar self-revelation, it does not amuse me in the least to spend large sums of money and much time and thought in advertising the wares of the House of Pope & Bradley, but since this must be done—the Inland Revenue demands must be met, and I find it necessary to live—as a matter of sordid common-sense I see that neither my money nor my time are wasted in unprofitable advertisements. And the lying advertisement is invariably unprofitable. The vulgar catchpenny "puff" may catch its penny once, but never again, and a great business concern, such as this House, can only be built up on a solid substratum of truth.

A man's suit, of a sort, strictly "of a sort," can be produced and sold at a profit at any price from 30s. upwards. Shoddy materials have no standard of value, and are slung out by the millions.

The naked truth, however, is that the manufacturer's price for the finest quality material is now more than double that of pre-war. This House has, for over twenty years, supplied only the best cloths obtainable—it refuses to deal with inferior grades—and it is utterly impossible to produce a really well-made suit of the best cloth under a minimum price of nine guineas.

This House has by far the greatest business of its class—which is the highest class—and the net profit on its productions as certified by Chartered Accountants is under 10 per cent.

Which is the Naked Truth.

Lounge Suits from £9 9s.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s.; Dress Suits from £16 16s.; Overcoats from £7 7s.; Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

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**invariably exemplifies the best value that can be obtained anywhere.** *For example:—*

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Carved Walnut Arm-Chair, in style of Queen Anne period, upholstered seat covered with damask. **£8 15 0**

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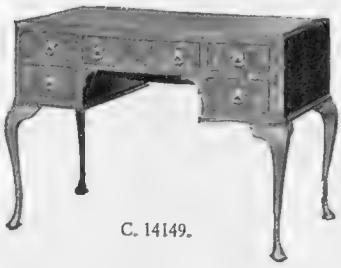

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Walnut Easy Chair, upholstered all Hair. Loose down cushions to seat and back, covered with good quality damask.
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Hamptons' No. S. 12249.
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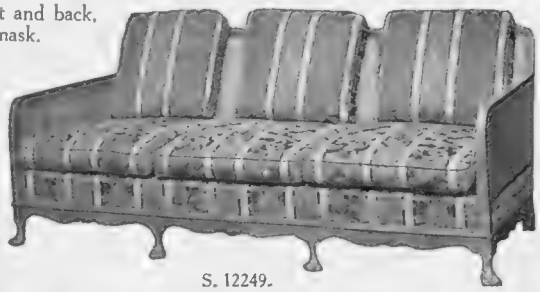

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*Manufactured by*
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*The best Racket on the market.*
*Specially strengthened shoulders.*
*Improved system of stringing.*
*Highest quality materials and workmanship.*
*Perfect balance and finish.*

**Used by leading Players throughout the World.**

**Strung with all White Gut, Orange Bindings.**

***Sold by all Sports Outfitters.***

terribly sometimes envy Royalty for that greatest of all their powers and privileges—to be able to snap their fingers at modes and set the gown-mongers at naught.

卐

And shingling's going to be *it* for ever and ever so long yet, you'll be glad to know, spite of all the doleful predictions of the (unshingled) prophets. In fact they're actually still inventing new shingle styles—very latest of which is a curly one with a wave and a fringe, and no partings or anything to worry about. Which all helps to brighten London, what? Concerning which Mr. George Grossmith and others seem to be terribly worried, but, as the other George remarks, Mr. Robey to wit, what's the matter with London anyway—when the sun shines, that is?

卐

Though, when it does shine, must say there's just one thing one does, even in dear old London, most fearfully miss, and that's just cafés instead of pubs. Cafés, I mean, like the de la Paix in Paris or the Aragno in Rome—not the steamy, stuffy coffee-and-bun emporiums that are all we provide for our sweltering citizens, but spacious open-windowed places with lots of nice little round tables under awnings outside, where you sit and sip your innocent *vermouth cassis*, or even more innocuous *grenadine*, and meet everyone from Cabinet Ministers to the man who makes your clothes, all on common ground.

"The Vicar said——"

卐

Only thing approaching this idea that I wot of (besides the "best club in the world," where you have to get a green ticket of admission) is—but you, of course, know it, too—the Riviera Club in Grosvenor Road. Where you can sit on the terrace at tea-time and watch the Thames, busily lapping (no joke meant) against the stone piers, when the flaming June sunshine makes it too hot to dance indoors. Or dine, with the long summer twilight turning drab South London into a bit of old Venice. . . .

卐

But we're real Conservatives, aren't we, and that's after all something to thank Heaven for? Even our nightingales, which the other day refused to be put on the wireless. And very rightly, too. They had probably been listening-in, and were quite determined not to be turned into a sort of hoarse and tinny travesty of themselves.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

THE Duodyne Portable IV complete with high and low tension batteries, one pair Headphones.

Price

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complete with valves.

All royalties paid.

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A LOUD-SPEAKING SELF-CONTAINED RECEIVER WITH A GUARANTEED PERFORMANCE.

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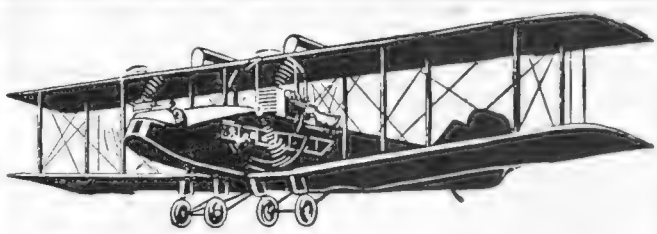

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C.F.H.

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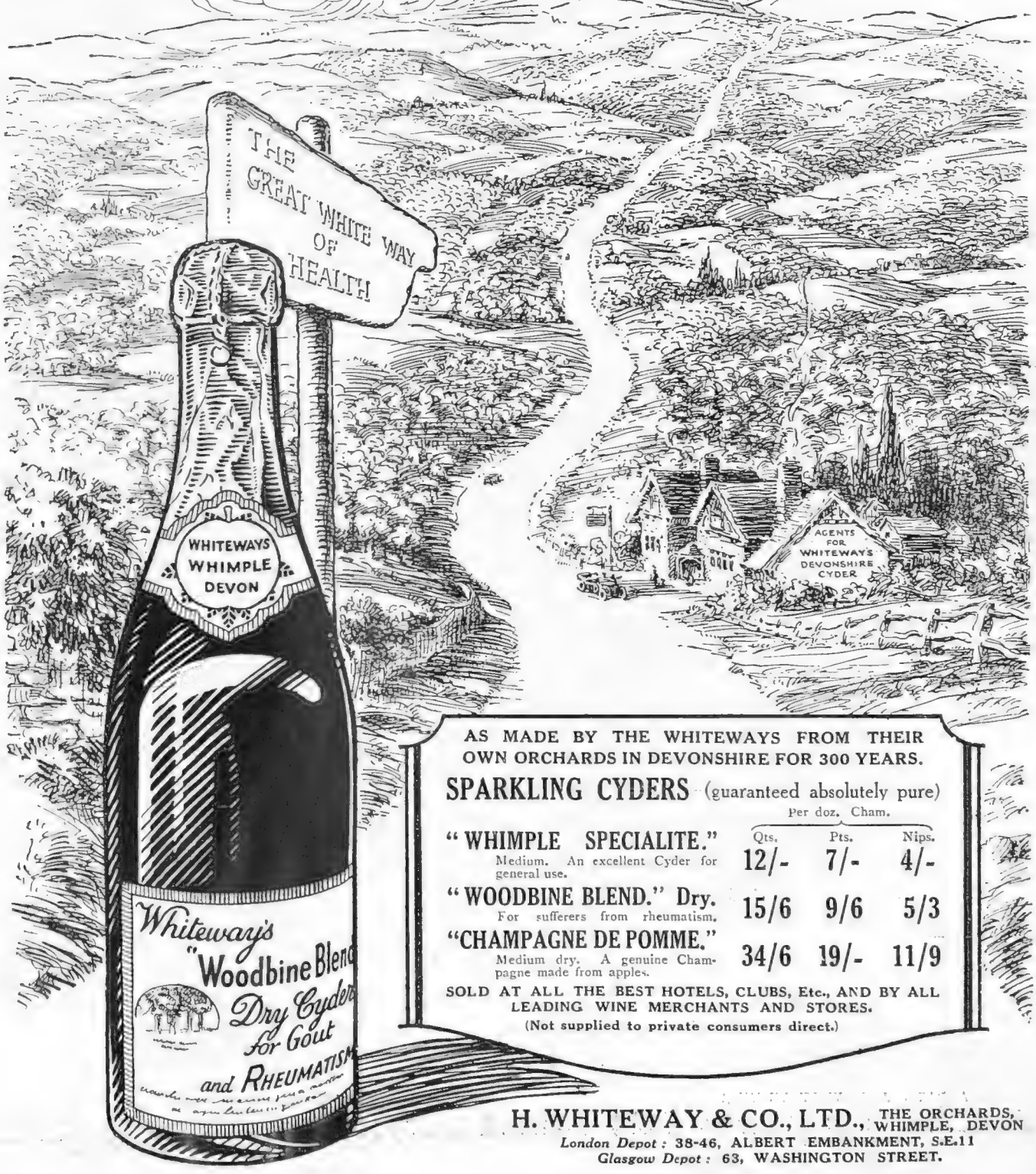
## FROM *the* LARGEST CYDER APPLE ORCHARDS *in the* WORLD

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| **"WHIMPLE SPECIALITE."** Medium. An excellent Cyder for general use. | 12/- | 7/- | 4/- |
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SOLD AT ALL THE BEST HOTELS, CLUBS, Etc., AND BY ALL LEADING WINE MERCHANTS AND STORES.

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*Glasgow Depot :* 63, WASHINGTON STREET.

# La Vie Au Grand Air—

"AFTER THE BATTLE WAS OVER"

Mr. Robert Harris (Royal and Ancient) after winning the Amateur Golf Championship at Westward Ho! He beat Mr. Kenneth Fradgley by 13 and 12

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

The Oxford Lawn Tennis Team, who lost to Cambridge at Fenner's by eleven matches to ten after a close and keen struggle. The photograph, taken at Cambridge, shows: E. M. Jonklaas, I. G. Collios, J. P. Carleton (captain), W. E. N. Kelly, D. J. R. Sumner, E. C. Peters and H. C. Fisher

A BATH AND WEST WINNER

Mrs. Philip Fleming with her hunter, Ruth II. It won a "first" in the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society's show held recently at Maidstone

THE PRIZE OF VICTORY

The Whatcombe team who won the Whitney Cup at Roehampton, beating Templeton by nine goals to two in the final. The team comprises: Lieut.-Col. H. G. M. Pleydell-Railston (left), Major P. Magor, Capt. C. T. I. Roark and Mr. J. Pickersgill

# And Some Who Live It

THE TEE TIME CUP

Miss M. R. Cox (Royal St. David's) the winner of the Welsh Ladies' Championship for the third successive year. With her is Mrs. Rhys (Royal Blackheath), whom she beat in the final round by 9 and 7

WORTH HIS SALT

Mrs. Finney clearing one of the jumps with "enough and to spare" on Mr. William Bramley's "Kruschen." The photograph was taken at the annual Hurlingham Polo Pony Show

*Photographs*

"WATTLE" WE DO—AT WIMBLEDON?

The four Australian ladies who have come to this country to do battle in the championship. They made their first public appearance at the St. George's Hill, Weybridge, tournament. They are: Miss K. Akhurst (left), Mrs. Harper, Miss St. George and Miss Boyd

*Sport & General, L. N. A. and W. A. Rouch*

A "PONY" TO WIN

Lady Blanche Scott-Douglas up on Captain V. G. Scott-Douglas's "Tallulah." The mare took a "second" in the Ladies' Hacks at the Hurlingham Polo Pony Show last week

# POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

### *The Army Teams*

To judge by the form the two teams have displayed in their trial gallops there should be some hard tussles at Hurlingham between the British and the United States Armies. Certainly, there is no reason to suppose that these matches will be soft things for the home side. On the contrary, our visitors have a very workmanlike appearance. It is true that in the handicap we ought to win. The brothers McCreery are both rated at 6 points, Dening at 8, and Lockett at 7. This makes a total of 27. The Americans will not aggregate more than 23, so that if the matches were played on the handicap the visitors would be entitled to a start of four goals. But the Inter-Army games on Long Island two years ago made it perfectly plain that handicapping does not always work out well.

### *Good American Form*

After a preliminary canter at Ranelagh two days previously, the Americans were given their first really fast match on Whit-Monday. Opposed to a side which had been very easily beaten by the British Army, they proved successful by 10 goals to 6. Their performance was not so convincing as that which our soldiers had put up at Roehampton, but it has to be borne in mind that the Americans were a little short of practice. They had, of course, been playing for about a month previously in the Aldershot district, but they had never been in any sense extended. It is useless to attempt to gauge polo form from comparatively slow games. Players who are brilliant when they are allowed plenty of time, cut quite a different figure when the pace is really hot.

By "The Tout"

**MAJOR A. H. WILSON**

**Who plays No. 1 for the United States Army team. He will be seen in action against the British Army team in the first match at Hurlingham on June 20**

### *The Ponies*

On the whole, the Whit-Monday game was a genuine try-out for the visitors. Their display was good enough to satisfy me that they will be a difficult lot to beat. Their ponies shaped well. Obviously some of them were still a bit backward, but after a few more fast matches they should be in tip-top condition. A condition of the inter-Army matches is that the ponies must belong either to the players or to their respective Governments. Out of the American stud of twenty-six, I understand that fourteen belong to the War Department. In the case of the English team all the ponies are the property of the players.

### *Smart Forwards*

I think the Army Selection Committee has been wise to keep the brothers Capt. R. L. McCreery and Mr. Selby McCreery together in the attack. They combine most effectively and are very quick on the ball. What is more, they know where the goal-posts are. Between them they have scored a great number of goals this season. I do not believe, therefore, that there will be very much wrong with the English attack. The McCreerys are fortunate in having behind them a great player in Captain Dening. Major Lockett assumed his place in the team last week, but took things easily after his indisposition. He is one of those players who can be depended on to rise to the occasion of a big fight.

# RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

### *Ascot Outlook*

Ascot comes next week, and granted reasonably favourable weather it will be a wonderful time both from the social and the sporting point of view. It is unique among the race meetings of the year, and the vast gathering this time promises to be as brilliant as ever. The railway companies are making their usual adequate arrangements for coping with the extraordinary amount of traffic which the Royal Meeting produces. The system of booking one's seats on certain trains from Waterloo has worked admirably in the past and is to be continued. This ensures that everybody will travel to Ascot in comfort. No doubt there will also be a considerable volume of road traffic, but the Southern Railway do the thing so well that I always think that the train is the best way of "doing" Ascot.

### *Feast of Racing*

We look like having the customary feast of splendid racing at the Royal Meeting. Very few of the best horses-in-training will be absent. We shall see Saucy Sue again, and that alone will be a great treat, on the second day of the meeting. She has a good bit of weight to give away in the Coronation Stakes, but she is almost certain to maintain her unbeaten record. Manna will also be on view during the week, though it is not certain at the moment of writing for which of his various engagements he will compete. There is a great difference of opinion among racing people as to whether Saucy Sue or Manna is the better three-year-old. Let us hope that both will be fit and well when the Doncaster St. Leger comes round. That race will furnish a fine opportunity of settling this interesting question. I hope, too, that Picaroon will be able to tackle these classic winners on the Town Moor. Many think that Manna would have gained his classic triumphs even had Picaroon been in the field, but that is not the view held at Manton.

### *The Gold Cup*

I hear that we shall see several high-class two-year-olds from the Manton stable at Ascot. I know they have a number of very promising youngsters in that establishment. No doubt the Aga Khan will also be well represented by two-year-olds at the meeting. Last year this owner had a very disappointing Ascot, but "Dick" Dawson is hopeful of doing much better for him this time. So far as I can gather there is not likely to be a formidable French candidate for the Gold Cup. Thus we shall be spared the rather distressing spectacle (such as we had last year) of seeing our stayers humbled by the invaders. Lord Astor hopes to win the most coveted of racing trophies with St. Germans. Some years ago he won the cup with Buchan, but lost it upon an objection for crossing. It now remains to be seen whether St. Germans will be equal to effacing the memory of that melancholy episode. On his recent form at Epsom he ought to win.

### *Newbury*

This week the Newbury meeting can be depended on to afford excellent sport. On Wednesday comes the sprint for the Empire Stakes, in which **Compiler** appears to have a very fair chance of repeating the success he gained in the same race last year. The Royal Stakes on the same afternoon may be won by **Ayaz.** I am quite sure we have not yet seen the best of that colt. On the second day the main attraction will be the Newbury Spring Cup, for which Baton Rouge, Marvex, and Frater are likely to be well-fancied competitors. I expect one of these three to be returned the winner, and I have a preference for **Marvex,** who this time will have nothing so good as Hurstwood in the field against him. The Berkshire Foal Plate may be won by **Bella Minna.** At Gatwick, **Eva's Choice** for Friday and **Tunis** for the following day are my selections.

## *Closer acquaintance—*

A Kensitas, sir, is like a gentleman in evening dress. The casual glance sees nothing unusual; but closer acquaintance soon shows up the quality.

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DEWAR'S

# YOGO HAMA'S EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS FOR MASC AND FEMN

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

SEVERAL 3 or 5 months since, Hon. BYSTANDER readers suffered the great privilege to enjoy a very exclusive fashions article on Spring and other early garments which I succeeded to secure from an extremely

"Ascot fashions shall be very savourie"

bespoke and *recherché* (French for chic) tailoring professor. This has caused innumerous Hon. readers to gratefully imagine me a fashions expert, so that I have become suffused with letters requesting I shall depict some exclusive fashions (masc and femn) for Ascot, June brides and other seasonable *attroupements*. At tremendous expenses to my private pockets (which I do not anticipate to receive recuperations for) I have achieved to acquire some frightfully exclusive scoopings from Madame de Rigueur, the world-wide and celebrate court garments artiste of the Rue des Légumes, Paris et Londres. I shall not waste any further of these valuable spaces, but depict my informations with not any more words.

"Model of Oxford 1-piece suit"

"*J' espère que je vous trouve en bonne santé, Madame?*"

"*Oui, m'sieu, je me porte à merveille.*"

"Can you produce me some special fashion exclusives for Hon. Bystanders, Madame?" I requesh.

"It are extremely great pleasure, m'sieu Y. d'Hama, to produce fashion commentings for a so brilliant *littérateur* as your esteemed self."

"*O oui,*" I response, "that are nondoubtedly so. Now how of Ascot fashions for mascs?"

"Ah, l'Ascot, are it not *très bon* supurb! Now I shall tell you. The Oxford *sacs* (French for bags) they shall be very much worn by *les nuts* and suchly fashionable beans. It shall also be *très* smart for them to wear parasols to match for causing freckless complexions. I prognose that Ascot fashions shall be very *savourie*."

"Fig. 1"

"Do you recommend I should make purchase myself a brace of these Oxford *portmanteaux* (French for extra bags)?" I beseek.

"*Mais oui,* Monsieur d'Yama. But wait, I will produce you a fashions plate for yourself in much less than 2 tics."

The so fruity and accomplish Madame de Rigueur then produced me a fashions replica in a very few bold strokes as vizly. (See Fig. 1.)

"This are very delicious costume and should cause to fall over their ears numerous fairs in love with me," I repop. "'But how of impoverish persons who cannot raise sufficient cash winds to make purchase these so *dégagé* bags and other fittings?"

"*Ma certes,* Count Y. d'Hama, that are very important point you have erected. O yes but see, *mon petit* (French for old bean) I have invent a very patent Oxford home-made bags which I do not hesitate to doubt the most ingeniousless person can build for himself. All he shall require are 10 or 15 miles of wool, silk or string, and some knitting skewers. He then proceeds himself thusly to push the skewers: Purl 2, knit 1, tog 3. Cast off and avast heaving, then tog 3, purl 2 and knit 1. Put on some stocking or other suitable stitches, then belay and cast off till the bags are complete. Then, as you see in this so delicious model, he shall have produced an Oxford 1-piece combies suit which should not cost more expensively than several few shillings."

"This," I bemuse, "should be enormously goodish tipping to impoverish Upper 10's who cannot sustain to afford professor-made Oxford bags."

"Ah, *les pauvres*! How I hope they shall succeed to back their *chemises* (French for puntings) on the victorious *cheval* who arrives 1-st to his post and secure enormous odds to 1. *N'est pas?*"

"*Oui certainement,*" I revoke, "but I should not suffer astonishments if suppose Hon. gees make awful shies at these saidly bags, especially if very ultra sizes, and race to the post tails 1-st. But how of fashion garments for femns?"

"Ah, *Mon Dieu,* I had almost nonremembered them, the fairs! But I think, Monsieur Y. d'Hama, that thisly year femn Ascots will be very masc, and I prognose some confections extremely *à l'improviste*. The most fashionable fabrics shall be *flanelle rouge, taile à sac* and *cretonne*. This are the most latest prognostic from Paris and *très* exclusive."

"Suppose Hon. gees make awful shies"

"This shall cause to be frightfully *joyeux,* innumerous Hon. Bystander readeresses," I ejacule.

"Indeedly *oui,* Count Hon. Bystander are the positively 1-st paper to acquire these fashion scoopings. This shall

"Femn Ascots will be very masc"

cause 1,000's of non-Bystander readers (if any) to feel awfully *mauvais ton* and *parvenu* when they arrive to Ascot

"Fig. 2—are it not enormously ravissement?"

and witness these so exclusive fashions."

"Can you depict me some goodish fashions for June and other monthly brides?" I seek to require.

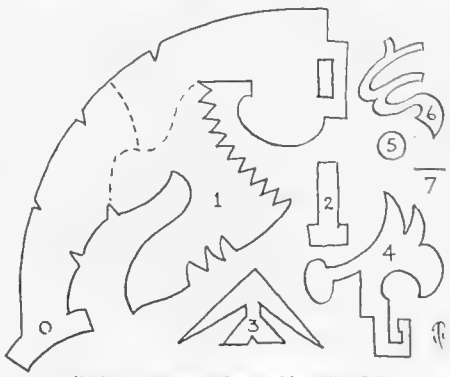
"*Parbleu!* Your so lovely Anglo brides, Monsieur! Not in the world or other impopulated globes can we succeed to find so luscious *petittes*, fresh and pure as the new-laid *oeuf!* Their face complexions—la, la—they are like as roses and suchly *légumes, n'est pas?* O, a 1,000 times *oui*, I will depict you some *robes de nuptial*. Here, for instants, are a very patent nuptialling garment which also can be used for a bathings garment when non-required foi nuptialling in. This shall be the 1925 *furore* in all Upper 10 circles. Observe to yourself, Count Y. D'ama, this so exquisite plate, are it not enormously *ravissement?*" (Kindly to push in Fig. 2.—Y.H.)

"Should it not be a *bon* idea to produce informations for erecting same, so that impoverish femns can costlessly succeed to acquire it?" I rebark.

"That are very genius inspiring, m'sieu. This so *chic* pattern (Fig. 3) does not necessitate any instructions. It are so simple, yet so exquisitely *moderne*. It requires not so much more than a ½ yd. of material and will appear *charment* in *batiste* or *velours*."

"And how," I requesh," of a honeymoons costume?"

"I cannot succeed to imagine a more luscious costume, M. L'Ama, than this




"Fig. 3—Pattern for making Fig. 2"

"Fig. 4—this so exquis confiserie"

so *exquis confiserie* which you can impicture to yourself in Fig. 4. This should also make a very delicious garment for a *jeunne fille* with box-edgings and other suitable *escollops*."

"Can you purvey a plan of same, Madame?" I beseek.

"O *oui*, m'sieu le Comte Hama, all the fairs they have to do, are to place top-side down what you call the figure 4, which shall then produce this *habillement parfait. N'est pas?*"

J'ai l'honneur d'etre, Hon. M'sieu le redacteur,

Yogo Hama

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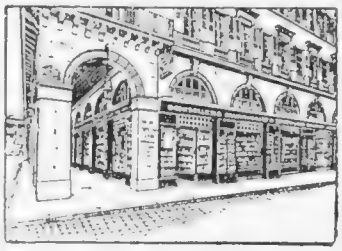

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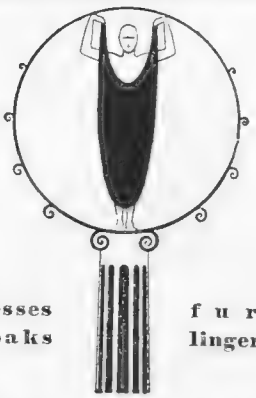

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BY E. T. REED

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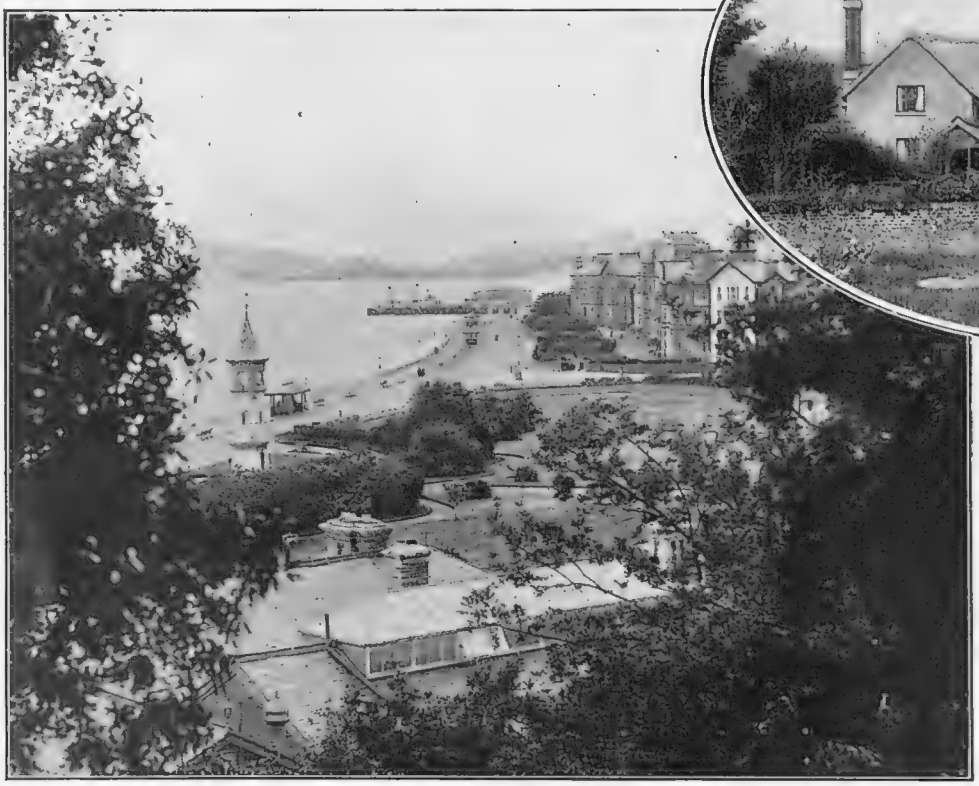

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*Edinburgh Agency*—Miss C. Lawrie, 7a, Hope Street, West End.
*Johannesburg, S.A.*—Mdme. Evelyn, Jeppe Street.

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# FEMINA

## THE 1925 DINING-ROOM AT WEMBLEY

By MRS. M VINCE

LAST year at Wembley, you will remember, there was in the Palace of Art a series of rooms to illustrate English house-decoration for the past century and a half. It included a 1924 dining-room to show what the modern English decorator can do. This year there is no series of rooms, but there is a 1925 dining-room with a still more ambitious object. It is to show what the British Empire can do. "It was felt," says the catalogue, "that there could be no more appropriate theme than that the room should be in its entirety the direct outcome of the 1924 Exhibition.

AFTER reading this, the impressionable might well look at this room with alarm. For it does not express any of the things which one would expect of a dining-room—the joy of feasting, the pleasure of hospitality, or even the cheerful comfort of having regular meals. It suggests rather the solemnity of a mausoleum. Is this what Wembley was intended for? Did it come, not to praise but to bury the Empire? Is the Amusement Park only the modern version of the funeral games? And are we invited, as a "direct outcome of the 1924 Exhibition," to a funeral feast?

THIS is what the 1925 dining-room suggests. In its colours, its shapes, its whole design, it suggests a tomb much more than a dining-room. Its floor, its mantelpiece, its chairs, and the framing of the glass in the built-in cupboards for china are black. Its ceiling is picked out with black and gold—a heavy wooden ceiling pressing down on the room. Its circular table is rimmed with black and is supported, not on legs, but on a massive octagonal pedestal, which is also black. The table only wants a circular cover to look like a funeral urn.

IT is not only in the funeral colour and in the shape of the table that the designer of this strange room appears to invite us to a death-feast. All the furniture is designed as if the material used were not wood but stone. The built-in sideboard and sofa, in the same wood as the panelling of the walls, both have the massive look of stone—the side of the sofa is about nine inches thick—and the black chairs are solid, shaped like stone seats. They have scarlet feet, but no legs. There are no legs in this 1925 room.

WHETHER by accident or by perverse ingenuity, the design has actually carried this idea of s into the silk that is hung on th

ART IN OILS

The striking oil painting of Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, the wife of the Prime Minister, by the well known lady painter, Mrs. Louie Burrell. Mrs. Burrell, who has exhibited regularly at the R.A. for the last twelve years, has painted many notable people, including the Duke of Connaught, Princess Marie Louise, and Lady Patricia Ramsay

AN OPERA NOTE *Lassalle*

Miss Evelyn Scotney, the coloratura soprano, who recently made her debut on the London Operatic stage in the Carl Rosa production of "Rigoletto" at the Lyceum theatre. She is an Australian, whose reputation was built chiefly in America

DANCING TIME *E. O. Hoppé*

Miss Jean Adrienne, who is dancing at Ciro's during the season with her partner, Andrea Meazza. She will be seen later in the summer at "L'Ermitage," the open-air club opposite the Longchamp course in the Bois de Boulogne

and that cover the chairs. The black marble of the fire-place has silver veins. These silver veins are repeated in the beetroot-coloured silk hangings on the walls. The silver colouring of the sofas and chairs has beetroot-coloured veins. Thus, right through, in the colouring, in the weight of the ceiling, in the design of the furniture, in the very silk of the coverings, the whole room suggests the sombreness and massiveness of a tomb of stone.

THERE are many details of the room which, apart from this, one might criticise. One is the ugly mixture of different shapes on the floor. The raised hearth of black marble is curved. The mat in front of it is oblong, and, only a few inches away, under the table, is a mat which is octagonal. Another is the use of silk hangings beside the fireplace, the sideboard and the sofa. They have folds, fringes, and tassels, so that they appear to be curtains. Those beside the fireplace look as if they had windows behind them. But they hide nothing, and will not draw aside. "The design of anything," says the description of the room in the catalogue, "must be based upon a definite idea arising from its subsequent use." The original use of wall-hangings was to cover the roughness of the wall itself. But in this room the wall is already panelled. These hangings have no use —except to gather dust.

ANOTHER fault is the design of the sideboard, which, although it is large and massive, has very little interior space. Another is the centre light, in which the lights are concealed in an almost opaque bowl, so that they are used not to light the table or the room, but to show off the ceiling above the bowl and the glass chains and golden rod by which it is suspended. Another is the bowl for flowers sunk in the centre of the table and lighted outside. When I saw the room this bowl was full of white lilac. With lilac in a vase you see something of the beauty of the growth of the tree and the droop of the flower. But lilac just looking over the top of a sunk bowl has lost this beauty. These, however, are small points beside this cardinal defect—that the room is more like a tomb than a dining-room.

*Blake Studios*

**A NEW NOVELIST**

**Mrs. Ethel Knight Kelly, whose first novel, "Why the Sphinx Smiled," has recently been published by Messrs. John Lane**

IT would be interesting, I felt, to see what other people thought of the room, so I waited and watched as others passed through it. Two Englishman laughed at it heartily. They had come to Wembley to enjoy themselves. They refused to be depressed. A little later two Frenchmen came in. They looked at the room for two seconds. Then one whispered very low to the other, and they went out on tiptoe. They were quite uninterested, but they had felt at once the room's atmosphere. M. V.


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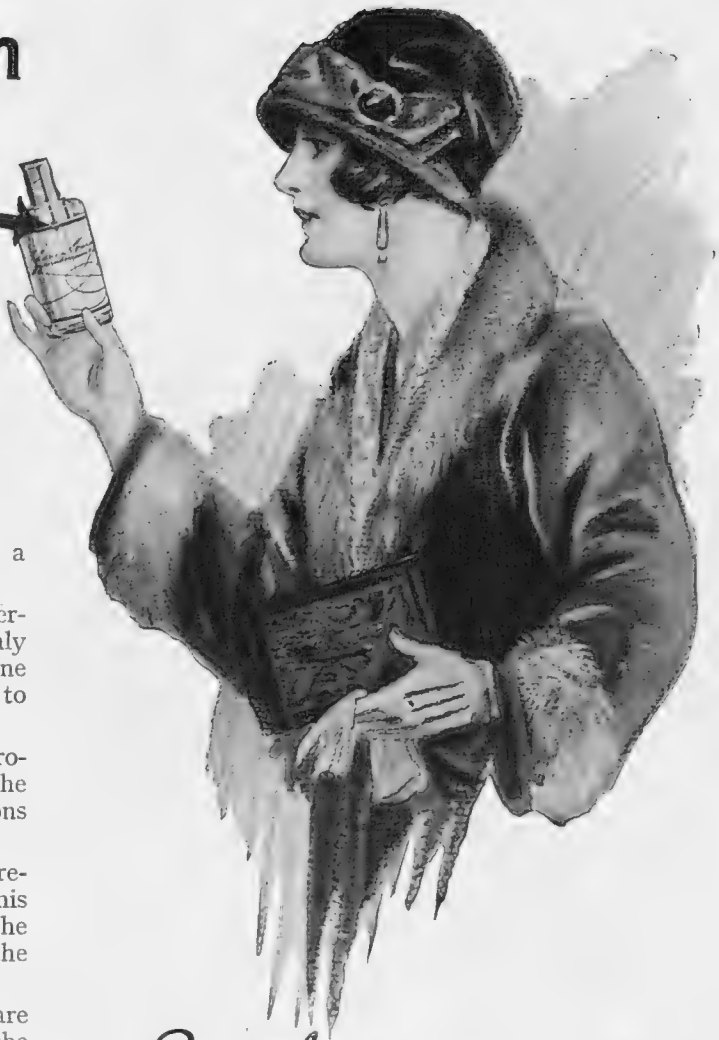

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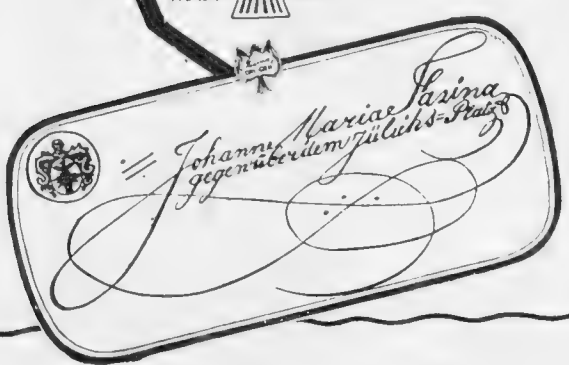

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BARE-FOOTED PEOPLE USE THEIR FEET AS NATURE INTENDED: FOOT TROUBLES ARE UNKNOWN TO THEM.

But to us who wear boots and shoes, they are only too well known. Among the blessings of civilisation the shoe has tended to become a rather doubtful blessing. Since first it gave protection to the foot it has always marched with the fashion of the times—but comfort, which to the foot means health, is a different matter.

WHERE IS THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY SUPPORTED? ONE: THE HEEL. TWO: THE OUTSIDE ARCH. THREE: THE BALL OF THE FOOT.

The foot is shaped and constructed to take the weight of the body at these three places which are intended to bear firmly upon the ground and thus provide an adequate foundation. This is Nature's plan. We can't improve upon it in principle; if we ignore it unpleasant consequences are certain to arise.

THE HEEL ALTERED THE WHOLE POISE OF THE FOOT—BUT SHOEMAKERS FAILED TO TAKE THIS INTO CONSIDERATION.

The heel is essential to the modern fashionable shoe. And yet the introduction of the heel—though it need not have done so—caused the great departure from Nature's plan of supporting the body by the feet. The outside arch was then raised from its proper position and left without adequate support. The shoemaker should have provided for this, of course. The point is that he did not, and the outside arch was left to sag and groan under a strain which it was never intended to endure.

MODERN DAY FOOT TROUBLES ARISE FROM THIS CARELESS IGNORANCE.

The present generation is paying the penalty. Youthful bones and sinews do their best to conform to the unjust demands made upon them, but the time comes when the arch of the foot begins to sag and weaken. It is not the fault of the heel. All the blame must go to the shoe of which the design ignores the structure and design of the foot.

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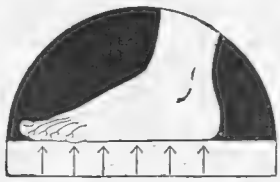
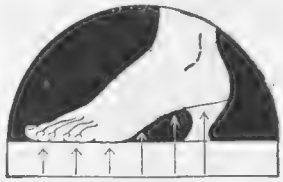


NATURE intended the weight of your body to be sustained by the heel, the OUTSIDE ARCH, and the ball of the foot—all resting on the ground.

IN an ordinary shoe the raised heel thrusts your weight forward on to the OUTSIDE ARCH which hasn't sufficient support to stand the strain.



THE SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE, with its built-in bridge, sustains the OUTSIDE ARCH and the weight of your body is still supported in the natural way.

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(Good retailers, please note: a few exclusive agencies still remain to be arranged.)

# A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

A FEW years ago it looked as though the detective story had run its course. Every variety of Sherlock had been duly invented, and every sort of impossible mystery solved. Even the official police had at last received their quota of appreciation from the novelists. Yet to-day the detective-story flourishes as never before, and there seems no reason to suppose that it is in any danger of losing its popularity. A distinguished critic has recently stated that in books of this kind the usual canons of literary criticism do not apply. But is he right? To me it seems that a detective-story can be either a puzzle or a piece of literature, or both. The puzzle may be ingeniously contrived and the characters impossibly wooden, talking and acting in an impossible way. In that case the book may be an interesting "penny dreadful" and nothing more. But it does sometimes happen that the detectives and the criminals are no stock types, but vividly real people, about whom it would be good to read had they omitted to become mixed up with any crime at all. Two such books are on my table.

I DO not know why the author of *The Layton Court Mystery* (Jenkins: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) should not have subscribed his name to the book It is as pleasant a little mystery as has been devised for a long time: not particularly original, perhaps, as far as the actual crime goes—a man is found murdered in his own library, with the door, as usual, locked on the inside—but original both in the manner of its telling and in the identity of the criminal.

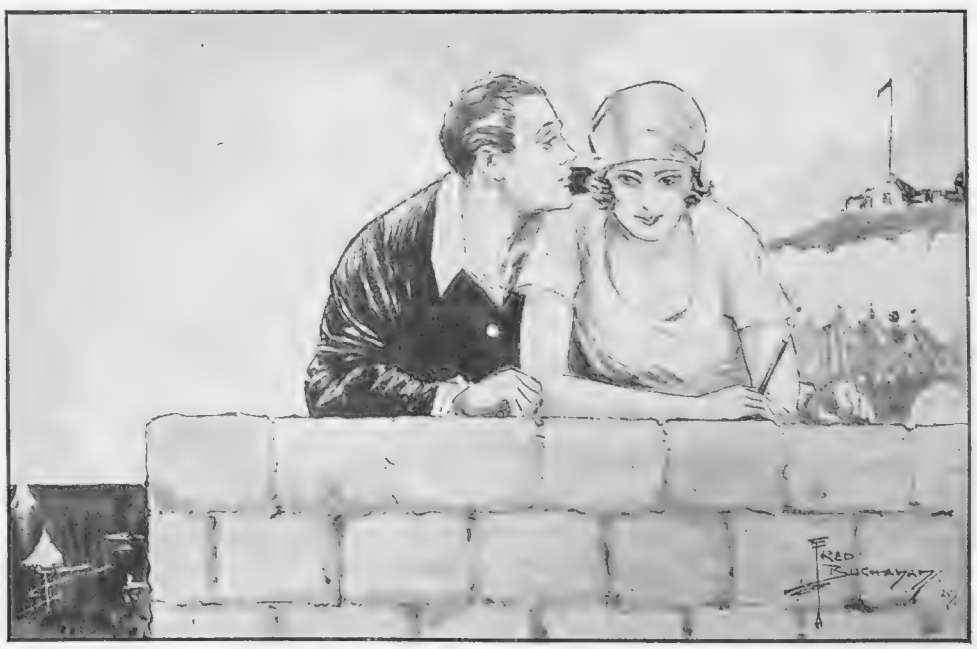
YOU are not likely to guess the identity of the murderer, even if you proceed on the assumption that he is the unlikeliest person. You suspect in turn the butler, the murdered man's secretary, a widow staying with him, his sister-in-law, whose title, by the way, is slightly incorrect—why *will* novelists give titles to their characters without making sure that such titles are correct?—and even a bull. And Mr. Roger Sherringham, the novelist, who sets out to investigate the case on approved Sherlockian lines, is an engaging creature, whose methods, whether mistaken or not, you will follow with enthusiastic interest. This is a first-class yarn by a man who knows his business very well indeed.

AND then there is a further batch of stories which tell of the strange experiences of that entirely lovable Mr. Reginald Fortune. Mr. H. C. Bailey, you remember, invented him a few years ago, and appointed him medical adviser to Scotland Yard. In *Mr. Fortune's Trials* (Methuen: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) you see him, outwardly bored at being called on to investigate very 'orrible crimes, an apparently languid young man who asks for nothing more than to be allowed to enjoy good meals and the pleasures of his garden. But his mind is not bored, and there must be many young men who would be glad enough to change places with him in order to meet with his exciting adventures. I personally was disappointed with Mr. Bailey for allowing his hero to become mixed up with such an affair as "The Profiteers," but his other trials make excellent reading. Let us have more of Mr. Fortune and his friend, Sidney Lomas, and the handsome police-sergeant who looks like an undergraduate.

LADY DOROTHY MILLS travels far afield for the backgrounds of her stories. Her new book, *The Dark Gods* (Duckworth: 7*s*. 6*d*. net), is a startling tale of the dangers which some white people are liable to meet while living with West African natives. When Andrew Legrand brings his young wife to live with him on the outskirts of civilisation, the last thing he could have dreamt of is that she might fall under the black spell. But so it is. Poor Anne battles against the wizardry of the M'Bongwe natives, but slowly succumbs. It is all rather unpleasant and frightening, but Lady Dorothy knows her natives so well, and has devised so exciting a plot, that you forget the unpleasantness in the excitement and weirdness of it all. You feel that romance, though it may be there, is no exaggeration in her vivid and terrible story.

I FANCY that the identity of "Lacon," who writes the amusingly impertinent, though not ill-natured, *Lectures To Living Authors* (Bles: 7s. 6*d*. net), is not very difficult to discover. If I am right, he has several good novels to his credit, though none has achieved a great popular success. His lectures, I admit, are occasionally irritating, though I should be hard put to it to say why, but occasionally they are constructive, and, therefore, enjoyable; and he makes a number of shrewd hits, some a little wicked, at which you cannot help smiling. But I cannot say much for some of Quiz's caricatures. The smaller figure of Mr. Walpole in the group and the larger presentation of Mr. Belloc, with beer and Sussex natives complete, are excellent, but few people would recognise Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Beerbohm, or Mr. Maxwell, who look like nobody at all.

TITLES of books are sometimes peculiar. What, for instance, would you suppose *A Saturday Life*




SOME FORTHCOMING SUMMER FICTION By FRED BUCHANAN

(Arrowsmith: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) meant? Its writer, Miss Radcliffe Hall, explains her choice in due course, but it is certainly intriguing. And it is safe to say that once you turn over the first few pages to find out what it all means, you will continue on to the end with the greatest enjoyment. For the book is a joyously whimsical affair, with a very curious young lady for heroine, and two adorable old ladies for her mentors. Sidonia, indeed, is a lovable creature, whether she be dancing naked (fortunately she is only seven at the time) in her mother's drawing-room, playing the piano like a (fifteen-year-old) goddess, using clay like a youthful magician, or singing with all the technique of a *prima-donna*. The trouble is that she is one of those unfortunate beings who are fated to disappoint their teachers.

**A FRENCH SUMMER EXCURSION**

**Mont Revard, with Mont Blanc in the distance. This is one of the many picturesque excursion runs within easy distance of Aix-les-Bains**

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WHAT is to be done, you wonder, with so wayward a genius? Old Frances, with her masculine clothes and her solid good sense, does not know. Poor Lady Shore, Sidonia's mother, has not an idea outside her Egyptian studies. But it does sometimes happen, even in real life, that the right man comes along and works wonders, and so Miss Hall is enabled to round off her story in a particularly charming way. The book makes very good reading, and I, for one, hope that we may have a little more of old Frances, who certainly deserves a whole book to herself. R. S.

---

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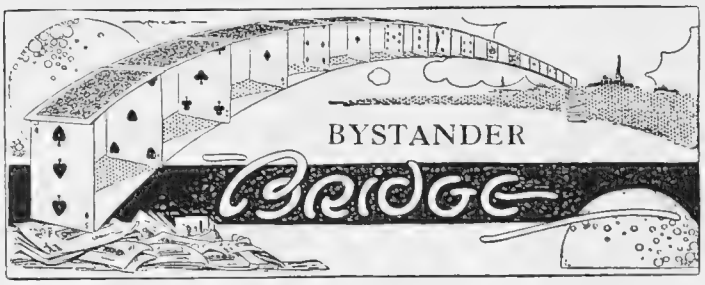



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

# INITIAL BID OF A MINOR SUIT

My regular readers will remember what faith I have in the Quick Trick System of bidding, and every day I play that faith is confirmed. But, of course, I do not claim that the system is infallible—no system is, and hands occasionally occur when the bidding of a minor suit proves disadvantageous. A valued correspondent, Mr. L. J. Walker, of Purley writes that he has "noticed a tendency with some Bridge players not to make original bids of even 'one' in the minor suits although their hands may contain two or more 'quick' tricks. Despite the fact that a minor suit bid gives definite information to one's partner, these players say that this advantage is outweighed by the disadvantage of letting an opponent bid a major suit cheaply. I give an example to illustrate this point:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Y: S—K, x, x. H—J, x, x. D—Q, x, x. C—J, 10, x, x. | |
| S—Q, J, 10, x, x. H—Q, x, x. D—10, x. C—A, x, x. | A / B | S—A, x, x. H—A, x, x, x. D—x, x, x. C—K, Q, x. |
| | Z: S—x, x. H—K, 10, x. D—A, K, J, x, x. C—x, x, x | |

If Z bids the Diamond A, B win the game in Spades, but if Z passes A, Y and B also pass and Y, Z save a game. Naturally one cannot judge by results, but I should much appreciate your opinion in The Bystander as to whether there is anything in the argument."

. . . . . .

Now with regard to this particular hand it is quite true that if Z says nothing and all pass, Y, Z save the game.

But is it likely that A and B will pass? A has a "One Spade" bid. You may say that he has not the two "quick" tricks which I advocate as the irreducible minimum necessary for an initial bid. But as I have always pointed out, circumstances alter cases. Five Spades with three touching honours, an outside Ace, and a guarded Queen, make up so nearly two quick tricks that I think any player would be justified in bidding "One Spade" on the hand. The fact that dealer had passed would in my opinion be all the more likely to encourage A to make a bid, and I think most players—even conservative callers—would agree that his is a Spade bid. I cannot, therefore, admit that this particular hand is an argument against the system. In most cases it would be found advantageous for Z to bid his Diamonds initially. The real danger in bidding a short minor suit on quick tricks only is that your partner may put you up too far on it. But this risk is worth while taking.

. . . . . .

Here is a case from actual play. In the rubber game both sides at love. Z dealt, and held S—x, x, x. H—A, x, x. D—x, x, x, x. C—A, K, Q. Not being a quick trick bidder, he said "No bid." A, therefore, called "Three Spades," holding S—K, J, 10, x, x, x, x. H—K, Q, x. D—J, 10, x. C—None. There were no further bids, and A was down one on his contract, losing 50 points less 18 for honours, 32 in all.

But Y, Z could have made the rubber. Y held: S—A, Q. H—x, x, x. D—A, K, x. C—J, 10, 9, x, x, and could make no call over the bid of "Three Spades," nor could he double. But if Z had originally called "One Club," as in my opinion he should, then Y could certainly have called "Three No-Trumps," and would have made four. It was a wasted hand for Y, Z, and a very cheap save for A, B.

. . . . . .

Now Z is one of those players who think that every bid must be a "make." He would not call his Clubs because he held only three of them. Yet by strange irony the very next time he dealt he called "One Diamond," holding: S—x, x, x. H—A, x, x. D—K, J, 10, x, x, x. C—x.—a hand on which I consider he should have passed.

A player who will make a bid on this hand, and yet refuse to bid when he holds four certain tricks is difficult to argue with. I believe the whole root of the failure to see the advantage of bidding on quick tricks lies in the fact that players still apply the principles of old Bridge to Auction, although the games are quite different. At old Bridge one made a declaration. At Auction there is no such thing as a declaration. There is only a bid. Once get that idea thoroughly into your system and you will see that a bad declaration at old Bridge may be a good bid at Auction, and *vice versa*.

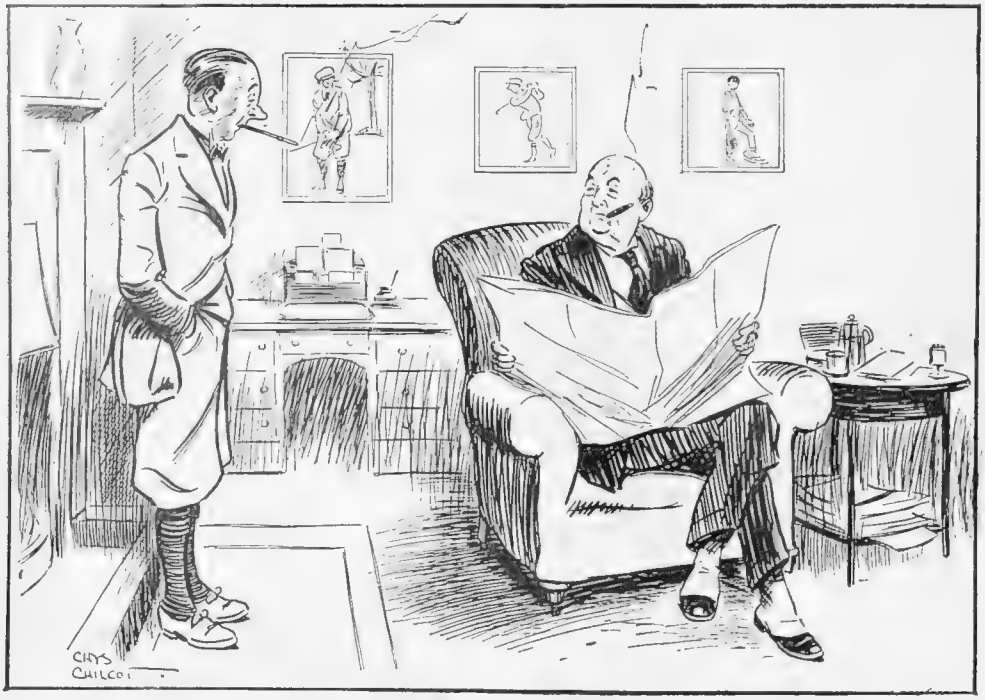
. . . . . .

A Hampshire reader asks what is the "correct call" for dealer on the following hand:—

S—8, 6, 5. H—9, 7, 4, 2.
D—A, 7, 2. C—A, Q, 3.

Well, on the Quick Trick System the bid is "One Club," and I should always make the bid on it myself. Now if you doubt the wisdom of this bid, deal this hand to yourself, and then if you have the time and patience deal out the other three hands twenty or more times after shuffling the cards well, and see how the bidding goes.

I am open to bet that in the majority of hands you will find this bid has been advantageous. I have tested it by this method, and I have tested it still more rigorously in actual play.

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# THE DOG BOOM

BRIDGET'S CRIME By "THE KENNELMAN"

Dog Shows worth visiting include Windsor to-day (the Home Park makes a delightful venue), Hereford to-morrow (Thursday), Bristol and Haslemere both on Wednesday of next week, and Taunton on the 25th : a real country show, in the best sort of season and setting.

The recent growth of the Kennel Club and its work, under Mr. Secretary Bowell's efficient care, present striking evidence of the remarkable post-War development of doggy interests. Thus in the first three months of this year some 33,500 communications reached the K.C. offices by post alone ; and the pre-War average of some 300 weekly registrations of Dogs had swelled to well over a thousand. (It is now nine months since the fee was reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.*, yet the old amount of 3*s.* 6*d.* is still being sent every day ; an excellent thing in its way, too, if senders would but remember to authorise allocation of every such excess shilling to the Distemper Research Fund, which needs that form of nutrition, but, failing that, merely an unnecessary piling up of clerical work.)

There should be interest for many in the displays of trained Sheepdog work at Wembley ; as instructive a show as anything even that great exhibition can offer, and one, too, but rarely to be glimpsed in this part of England. The Dogs—leaders in their fine calling—are from the moors and fells of Northumberland, and represent strains which have won renown, not only in their native wilds, but in almost every sheep-raising country of the world. Thanks are due, for their introduction to the huge Wembley-going public, to Mr. James Scott of Hawick, President of the International Working Sheepdog Association. Why should not his example be followed by leading breeders of trained Airedales, for example, Alsatians and other varieties suited for guard, police and ambulance work, etc. ? When it was suggested last year that a Dog Show should form a standing part of Wembley's attractions, the Kennelman pointed out that few owners of the right kind of Dogs would face what this would entail in the way of confinement of their favourites for weeks or months at a stretch to the benches of a show. But for periodical working displays within reasonable hours—that is quite another matter. By the same token, one hopes such pillars of British Dogdom as Spratts and Spillers will continue this year their valuable work of 1924 by providing Wembley with centres of doggy information.

Her name is Bridget, her home is Hampshire, and her character, in spots almost respectable, is lovable all over. But she is admittedly advanced in middle-age, and it rather startled her friends when she was delivered of twins, last week. (Bridget is a Bull-terrier of breeding as unimpeachable as that of her neighbour and mate up at the Hall.) It was at length decided that Bridget should shortly be "put to sleep," and her two children reared upon modern lines of peace and decorum. All this was discussed and decided on Saturday evening, in the little smoking-room, *in the presence of Bridget and her twins.* On Sunday morning Bridget was much in evidence—at the top of her form—but the twins had vanished. Later, the hardy dame escorted a puzzled house-party down to a leaf-mould pit where, with much pride in her own ingenuity, she explained the mystery of the twins. It seemed that she, too, had weighed all the pros and cons, and agreed with her betters that there must be a funeral. But, under Bridget's dispensation, the pups it was who died, and were, by their mother, neatly entombed, nose to tail like sardines, in leaf-mould.

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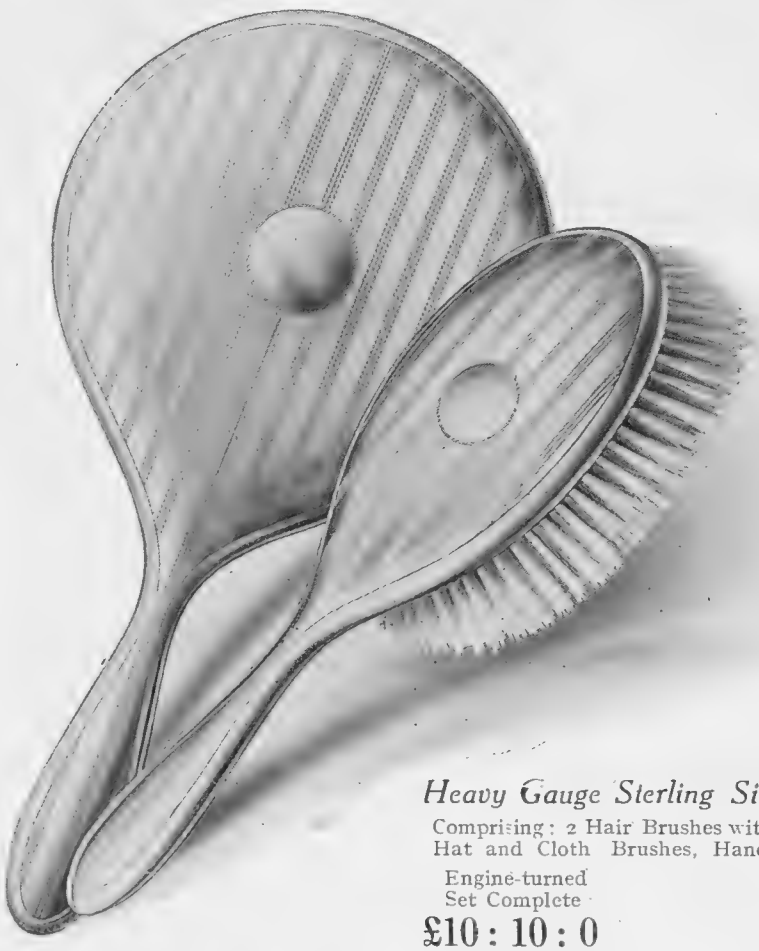

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# CAMERA NOTES

## PRINTING BY DAYLIGHT.

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

THE GROSSMÜNSTER, ZURICH

IT is not to be wondered at that the self-toning printing-out papers should make a strong appeal to amateur photographers, on account of the ease and convenience with which contact prints can be made at odd moments of the day within the home. But yet it is not sufficiently realised that, in beauty of tone and quality, prints on these collodio-chloride papers may be almost incomparable.

Perhaps also, the repute of these papers has suffered through occasional charges of impermanency, and on this account it should be urged that, given proper fixing, prints on daylight papers will last almost indefinitely without fading or changing tone.

### *The Sole Disadvantages*

THE shortcomings of this printing method are twofold. Firstly, it requires a negative of good quality, fully exposed and fairly strong in its contrasts, if it is to give a print of rich brown tone. It is no use attempting to print an under-exposed or under-developed negative with a ghost of an image, on any paper of this sort; such negatives demand a "vigorous gaslight" paper. Negatives, again, which are rather soft in their contrast may, if desired, be printed; but the characteristic depth of tone can be obtained only from a negative which is rather bold and vigorous in quality.

Secondly, there is the difficulty of judging the exact point at which printing must be stopped. The brown or purplish image which prints out when the paper is exposed to daylight behind a negative, is more or less weakened when the print is "fixed" in the hypo solution, and in order to produce finally a print of correct density it is necessary to over-print the image somewhat. This degree of over-printing varies considerably with different brands of self-toning paper, and it is, therefore, advisable to limit oneself to the use of one particular brand of paper, and to accustom oneself to judging the depth to which highlight and deep shadow must be printed out to appear of the desired depth in the fixed print.

### *Tone and Permanency*

AS already suggested, the permanence of a self-toning print depends upon the manner in which the fixing and washing is carried out. In the use of these papers it is always advised to wash the print fairly thoroughly before immersing it in the fixing bath. But an often unsuspected pitfall lies in the fact that the omission of this rinsing between printing and fixing has no apparent ill-effect; in fact, it may appear to result in a richer, deeper tone of brown. None the less, this preliminary washing has an important purpose to fulfil in securing a permanent gold-toned image, and if the deeper tone is preferred it can be secured more safely by treating the print, before fixing, with a solution of common salt.

For the sake of permanency and also to reduce as much as possible the loss of tone in fixing, it is preferable to fix the prints in a solution of hypo which, in addition, contains a small proportion of crystalline sodium carbonate or liquid ammonia.


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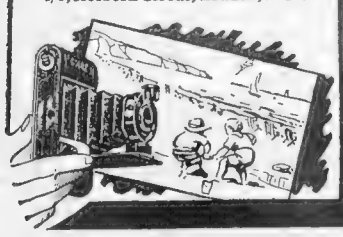

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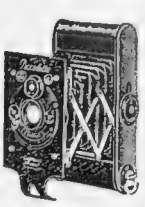

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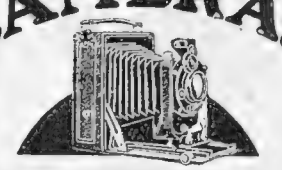

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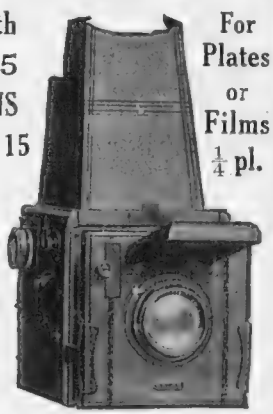

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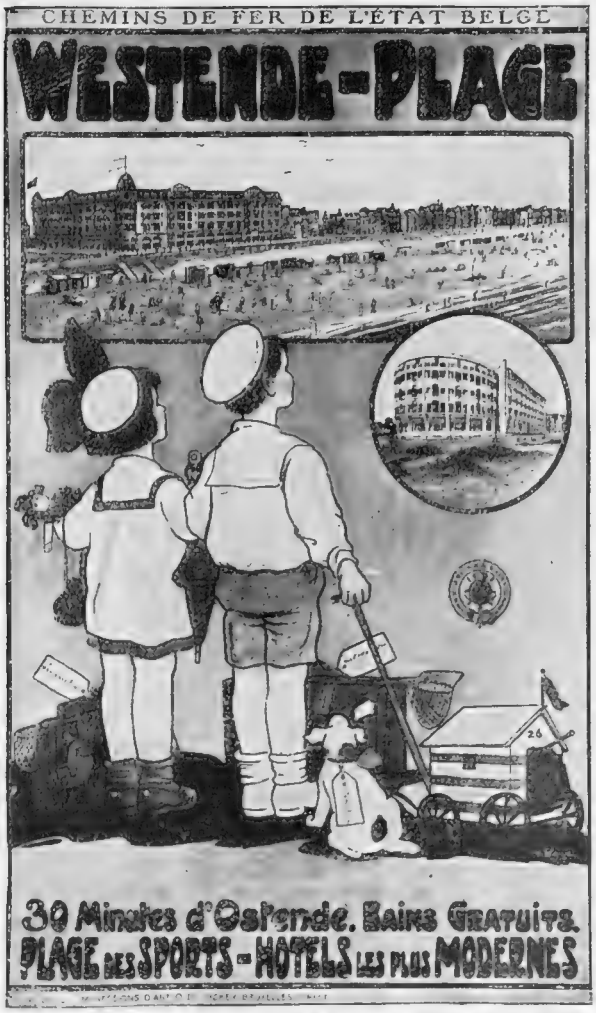


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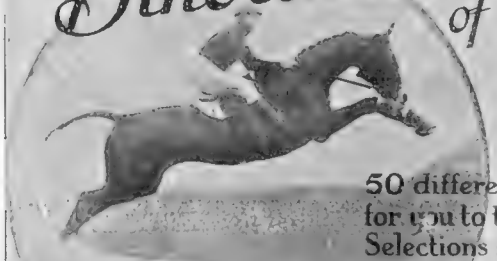

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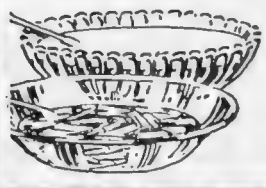

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A GOLD COAST OCCASION

**The Prince of Wales driving with the Governor of the Gold Coast during his recent visit. The car is a 21 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester touring model, equipped with Lanchester patent four-wheel brakes**

# MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

IN these days of congested roadways and frequent hair-breadth escapes at the hands of unskilled drivers, many motorists might seriously consider motor-boating on sea or river as an alternative pastime. Amongst those unacquainted with modern motor-boating, the general impression is that the acquisition of a motor-boat, to suit one's requirements exactly, entails special building, consultation with naval architects, etc. This is most certainly not the case, as I have fully realised from a recent study of the new season's catalogue and stock list sent me by the Bergius Co., Ltd., 254, Dobbies Loan, Glasgow, C.4. Particulars are given of some forty different standard launch models, the prices of the complete outfits (boats and engines) ranging from £154 upwards, and the sizes of the boats from 18 to 70 feet. This catalogue is accompanied by a separate folder dealing specially with the most imposing craft in the range. This is a 33-ton, full-cabin cruiser, 55 feet in length and completely equipped. I am assured that it is a capable, seaworthy craft, and one in which five to seven persons can live for as long as they wish. Yet it costs no more than a high-class car. All motorists who wish to experience the joys of water-motoring should apply for this catalogue.

* * *

ON his return from the recent overseas tour, H.R.H. the Duke of York was met by his new 40 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester enclosed drive limousine. Mounted on one of the world's best chassis, the coachwork is of particular interest. The body has been built by the Lanchester Motor Company, and is painted grey with black mouldings, mudguards and under parts, and also has a black leather hood. The interior is upholstered throughout in Bedford cord, and provides seating accommodation for seven, including the driver. In the rear is provided a bow-fronted mahogany cabinet, on either side of which are located the Lanchester patent folding occasional seats. Triplex glass is provided throughout, while the electrical equipment includes dipping headlamps, front mud wing lights, side lamps, and two swivelling spot lights fitted to the windscreen. The car is equipped with Lanchester four-wheel brakes, while the tyres are of Rapson make.

* * *

THE lady driver has come to stay, and more and more manufacturers are realising that a special appeal must be made to the feminine prospective purchaser. Arguments which appeal to the mere male would not necessarily have the same force with "she who must be obeyed." One of the most attractive of these special appeals recently reached me. It is published

(Continued on page 898)


Lanchester Cars

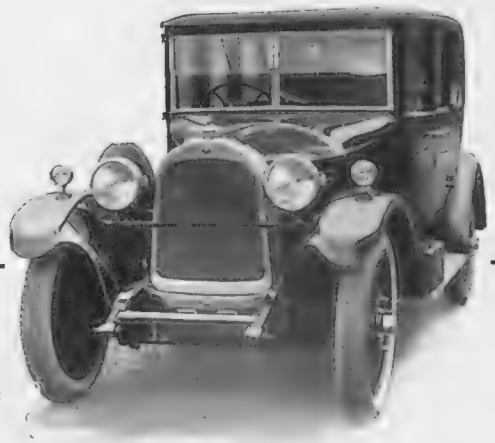
*The 21 h.p. 6-Cylinder Model fitted with Lanchester Patent Four-Wheel Brakes.*

SIMPLICITY of design and accessibility are conspicuous features of this outstanding example of British Automobile Engineering. It is the latest in the long line of Lanchester productions; well worthy of the name it carries and acknowledged as being one of the World's Super-Cars. A demonstration is the only way of completely realising its superiority. One run will convince you that there is nothing quite like it. Will you make an appointment at your convenience?

*21 h.p. 6 cylinder Fixed Head Coupé.*

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W. 88, Deansgate, Manchester.



*4-Door Saloon with English Coachwork* £595

The Willys Knight

*ITS SILENT MOTOR IMPROVES WITH USE*

Touring Cars £345 & £395, 4-Door Saloons £495 & £595, Landaulettes £595 & £650. Balloon or Cord tyres are optional.

HAVE you experienced the Drumming and Vibration in Closed Cars? The secret of the entire absence in the Willys Knight of these prevalent features is the silent running of the Sleeve Valve operated engine, which under test has demonstrated and maintained superior power over other engines of equal capacity. The Willys Knight engines are fitted with the famous Lanchester harmonic balancer which smoothes away the faintest tremor.

¶ We will send any model anywhere in Great Britain to demonstrate to anyone interested. A demonstration will convince. Not the slightest obligation is implied.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.

Heaton Chapel, Manchester, and 151-153, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

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*The Car of International Reputation*

# "A Car of Quality"

FIAT RANGE OF MODELS COMPRISE: 10/15 h.p., 15/20 h.p., 20/30 h.p. (6 cylinder), 40 h.p. (6 cylinder).
Prices from £280.

*Standard Equipment for every touring car and chassis, except the Popular model, includes: Electric Lighting Set and Starter, 5 Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Spare Wheel and 5 Michelin Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.*

WARNING.—With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this Company. Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

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*Works:*
Wembley, Middlesex.
FIAT (England) LIMITED

"I am now firmly convinced that the 40 h.p. Six Cylinder Fiat is one of the cars of the best quality in the World" . . . . .

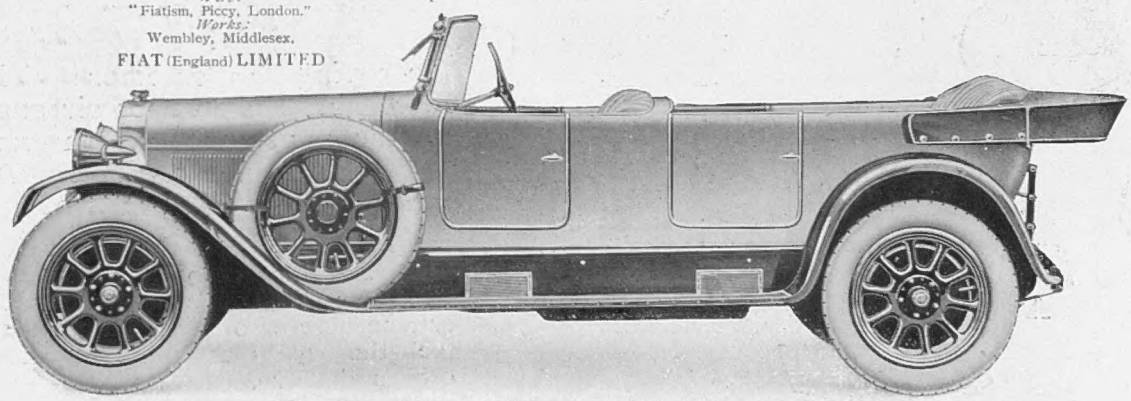
"To those who are mechanically minded, a peep under the bonnet will prove a sheer delight . . . . The whole car is designed and constructed according to the best Fiat traditions."—

Mr. GEORGE C. STEAD, "The Sunday Times," May 24, 1925.

Chassis £720 - (Tax £27)

Adjustable Steering; Front-wheel Brakes; 4 speeds forward and reverse.

The Chassis permits the fitting of the most luxurious and elegant coachwork which are portrayed in a special art brochure post free on request.



40 h.p. Touring Model, seating capacity for 7 persons, **£920** complete.

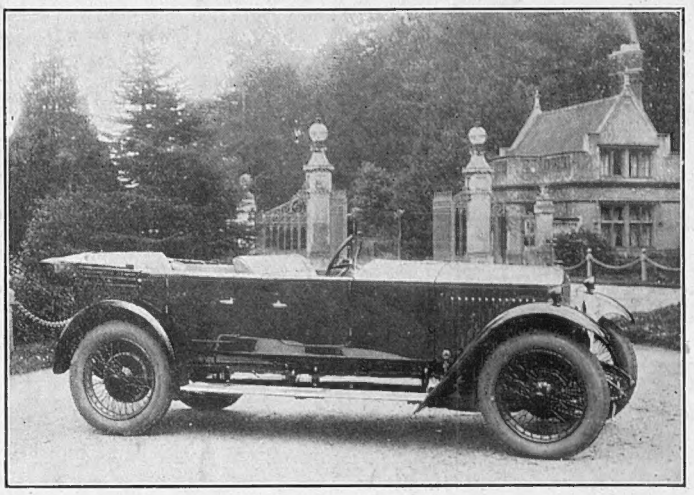
FIAT

by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., and lays particular stress on the entire suitability of the 11-12 h.p. Wolseley for the lady driver. The booklet starts off with a most fascinating account of a trip made from London to Constantinople by two Englishwomen on one of these cars, and then goes on to point out the suitability of this light, reliable and handy car for the various specialised uses to which the lady driver may put it. I should advise all prospective lady owners and those mere males who desire a car for their womenfolk to obtain a copy of this booklet.

* * *

I HAVE recently tried a most attractive solution of the all-weather car body. It is fitted as standard on the Studebaker Standard Six, and is known as a touring saloon. The top of the body is fixed in position, and normally the sides are open, although two three-quarter lights are fitted at the rear of the body, together with a wide glass window at the back. When it is desired to convert the car to a totally enclosed one, all that it is necessary to do is to pull down two roller blinds on each side. These clip on to the doorways and afford the maximum of protection. Illumination is secured by flexible transparent panels in each blind. I tried this car in some of the beastliest weather imaginable, and I can testify that it is practically impossible for any rain or wind to penetrate.

THE Studebaker Standard Six has also another peculiar attraction. It is fitted with a unique system of four-wheel braking, in which the circulation of the gear-box oil by a pump is relied upon to operate the brakes. The pump is always in action, but is normally operating idly. When the driver presses the brake pedal, the oil pressure is deflected to operate the brakes. Again I can testify that these brakes are thoroughly efficient in their action. In addition to these advantages, the Studebaker Standard Six has a six-cylinder engine, a very good performance, excellent riding qualities, and is priced at only £395.



A NEW KNIGHT OF THE ROAD

**The latest model 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall "Princeton" touring car. It is fitted with four-wheel brakes, and has the new large body to seat five persons**

THE advent of the warmer months always suggest to the motorist that he should go farther afield. For this purpose a road guide is very useful, and one which is particularly valuable for showing the various beauty spots or points of interest is the Dunlop pictorial road plan. A series is being published with the title *On the Road*. The first appeared some time ago, and the second has just come to hand. In the present volume a full 600 miles of old world highways are given, strip-map fashion, linking London to Portsmouth, Chichester, Southampton, Bournemouth, Weymouth, and Exeter. Thumbnail sketches of many of the survivals of old England neatly adorn each side of the red line of road which runs from page to page. The price of this useful little book is but a humble sixpence.

* * *

HEARTIEST congratulations are due to Mr. T. Gillett and the makers of the A.C. car for having broken the world's twenty-four hour record at the Montlhéry track, and thus regained this valued record for England. Driving himself throughout, Mr. Gillett covered nearly 1,950 miles at an average speed of over eighty-one miles per hour. Not content with having driven twice round the clock the driver insisted on going on for another thirty-five minutes, and thus secured the 2,000 mile record. G. C. S.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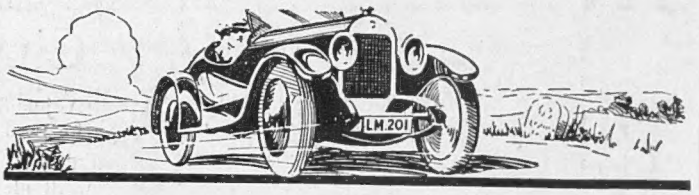


Roving!

Go roving *this* summer! There's no tonic like a change of air and scene—no country so well worth exploring as this. Do it in the pleasantest possible manner—go roving in a car.

Before deciding on the car, visit the CAR MART'S Showrooms. Be it New or Second-hand—Sports, Tourer, Saloon or Coupé—you can be sure of obtaining a car that you will feel thoroughly at home in and proud to own and drive.

We make a feature of service after purchase which you will find exceedingly helpful and part exchanges and terms will be always arranged on very generous lines.

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The Car Mart Ltd

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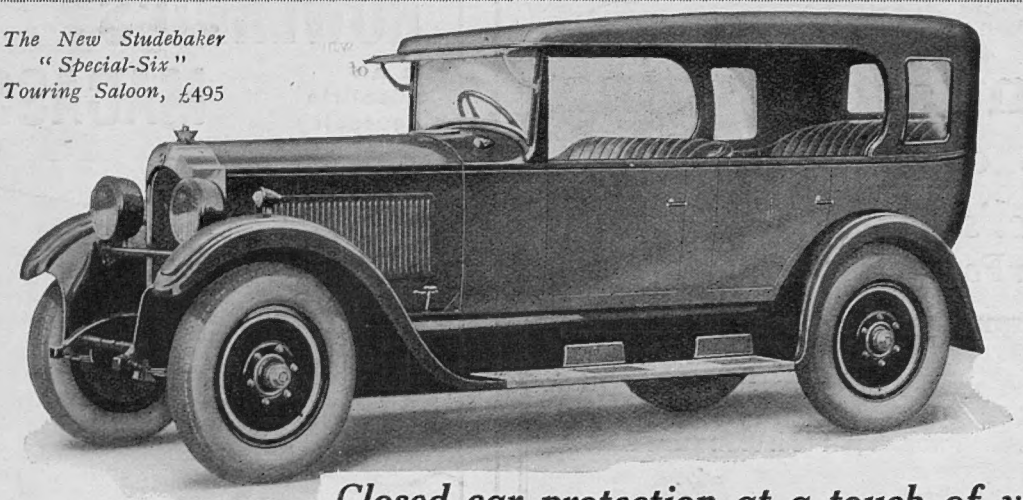
*The New Studebaker "Special-Six" Touring Saloon, £495*



## *Closed car protection at a touch of your finger*

For years you have been able to touch a button and start the engine of your car, turn a switch and flood the road with light.

Now, with equal ease, you have, by simply lowering the roller side curtains of the new Studebaker Touring Saloon, closed car protection at the touch of your fingers.

*In 30 seconds that change is made.*

For in the Studebaker Touring Saloon the side curtains are instantly accessible—yet when not in use they are rolled up out of the way.

The Touring Saloon is an entirely new idea—developed exclusively by Studebaker. It cannot be obtained from any other maker. And it sells at the price of *an ordinary open car.*

The Touring Saloon coachwork is obtainable on the three Studebaker chassis—"Standard-Six," "Special-Six," and "Big-Six." In design and finish there is new beauty; the steering mechanism and wings were especially designed for balloon tyres; automatic spark control; lighting switch at your finger tips on the steering wheel; genuine leather upholstery; velvet clutch action; and equipment and fittings of the very finest quality.

In justice to yourself, see the new Studebaker before you buy; investigation may save you hundreds of pounds.

*Illustrated Catalogue on request.*

STUDEBAKER LTD.,

Pound Lane, Willesden, London, N.W.10

*Managing Director:* EUSTACE H. WATSON.

*London Showrooms:*

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| "STANDARD-SIX" Touring Saloon - | £395 |
| Coach-built Saloon | £520 |
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| Coach-built Saloon | £640 |
| "BIG-SIX" Touring Saloon - - - | £575 |
| Coach-built Saloon | £765 |

*Prices are subject to increase without notice.*

*The New*

# STUDEBAKER

WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

*which cannot cause a skid however suddenly they are applied.*



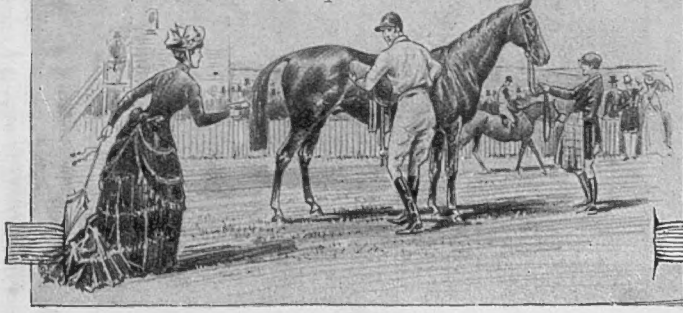
# Sporting Lore

LONDON. SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

Every racing man knows how persistent is the betting woman when touting for a tip. The following story is said to account for the dissolution of friendship between Capt. Machell and Fred Archer, to whom Machell's success on the turf was largely responsible.

Immediately prior to riding "Queen Bee" at a particular meeting, Archer was importuned by a fair punter to whom, out of sheer mischief he gave, "Draycot" though he had previously advised Capt. Machell to back "Queen Bee."

By a freak of fortune "Draycot" won by a head, and the delighted lady related to Capt. Machell her good luck, mentioning Archer as the source of her information. The Captain thereupon threw himself into a great rage, wildly exclaiming in the jockey's hearing, "Save me from my friends!"



VIRTUTE ET HONORE

THIS year, as for many years, "Red Tape" Whisky has been over-sold. That is a tribute to its front-rank character, so much esteemed by keenly discriminating buyers.

Always depending on this class of "quality" buyer, we have consistently maintained that high degree of refinement in "Red Tape" which makes it the choice, rare, wholesome Whisky it is.

## "Red Tape" REG'D *The* Whisky

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

*Obtainable from*

The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd.,
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Sole Proprietors.

BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., Ltd.,
68, Bath Street, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

# Radiant and *Lasting*
## whiteness of neck and arms
### *Rimmel's Elegant Crème*
### *daintier than Powder or "Liquid White"*

A treasured formula of the House of Rimmel, established in 1834, and holders of Royal Warrants to H M. Queen Alexandra, the Queen Dowager of Holland, and the King of Spain, Crème Marimon appeals to the daintiness of to-day's woman just as it did to that famous beauty of the 'seventies whose name it bears. Crème Marimon will appeal to your sense of the refined and dainty in toilet preparations.

It is a Crème that gives your skin a protection from the glare of artificial light—gives to it the desirable soft whiteness—without the embarrassment of powders or other preparations. Once applied, Crème Marimon's *emollient* sinks into the skin, leaving a whiteness that will not rub off and remains until washed.

RIMMEL'S
*Crème Marimon*

Using Crème Marimon, you need not fear leaving marks on your partner's coat-sleeve; you need not trouble about renewing it, for it lasts *the whole evening*. No need for applying puff to shoulders, arms or neck; a comfortable feeling that you are *looking your best*; such is the effect of Rimmel's Crème Marimon.

Crème Marimon is supplied in three shades — white, naturelle and rachel — by your Chemist, Perfumer, or Stores, in elegant stoppered bottles (with pad for applying) at 5/-, or you may obtain trial bottle by forwarding the order form below.

*Eugène Rimmel* LTD.

*Laboratories:*
**1a DARNLEY ROAD, LONDON, E. 9**
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*Manufacturers of many superb Perfumes and Toilet Preparations, which are sold by high-class Chemists, Perfumers and Stores throughout the World.*

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*Please send me a full-size trial bottle of Crème Marimon, for which I enclose P.O. 5/-*

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*Address* .....

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*Name and address of my Chemist, Perfumer or Stores*

B. 10/6/25 .....

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# ROWLAND'S
**is an absolute necessity**
# MACASSAR OIL
**for the HAIR**

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

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**FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.**

Quickly removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and other Disorders of the Skin; makes it soft as velvet, adds the charm of youth to the complexion and will keep it in perfect condition all the year round.
Sizes: **2/6** and **5/-**

Sold by Stores, Chemists and
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*Pleasantly refreshing when hot or tired*

On a long tramp there is nothing better than an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille to refresh the mouth and throat. They prevent the feeling of dryness which causes thirst.

These pastilles have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour, and their effect is long sustained. They have the further advantage that they may be taken freely without causing any ill effects.

YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing

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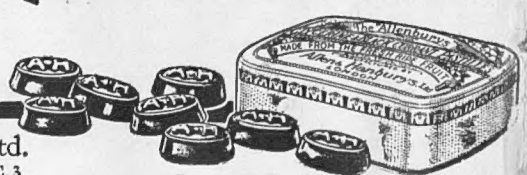

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